

The Industrial Pioneer



REMEMBER!

UNCONDITIONAL RELEASE
for POLITICAL PRISONERS
CHRISTMAS 1923

PREAMBLE

OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





Vol. I.

The
Industrial Pioneer

No. 8

Edited by JUSTUS EBERT

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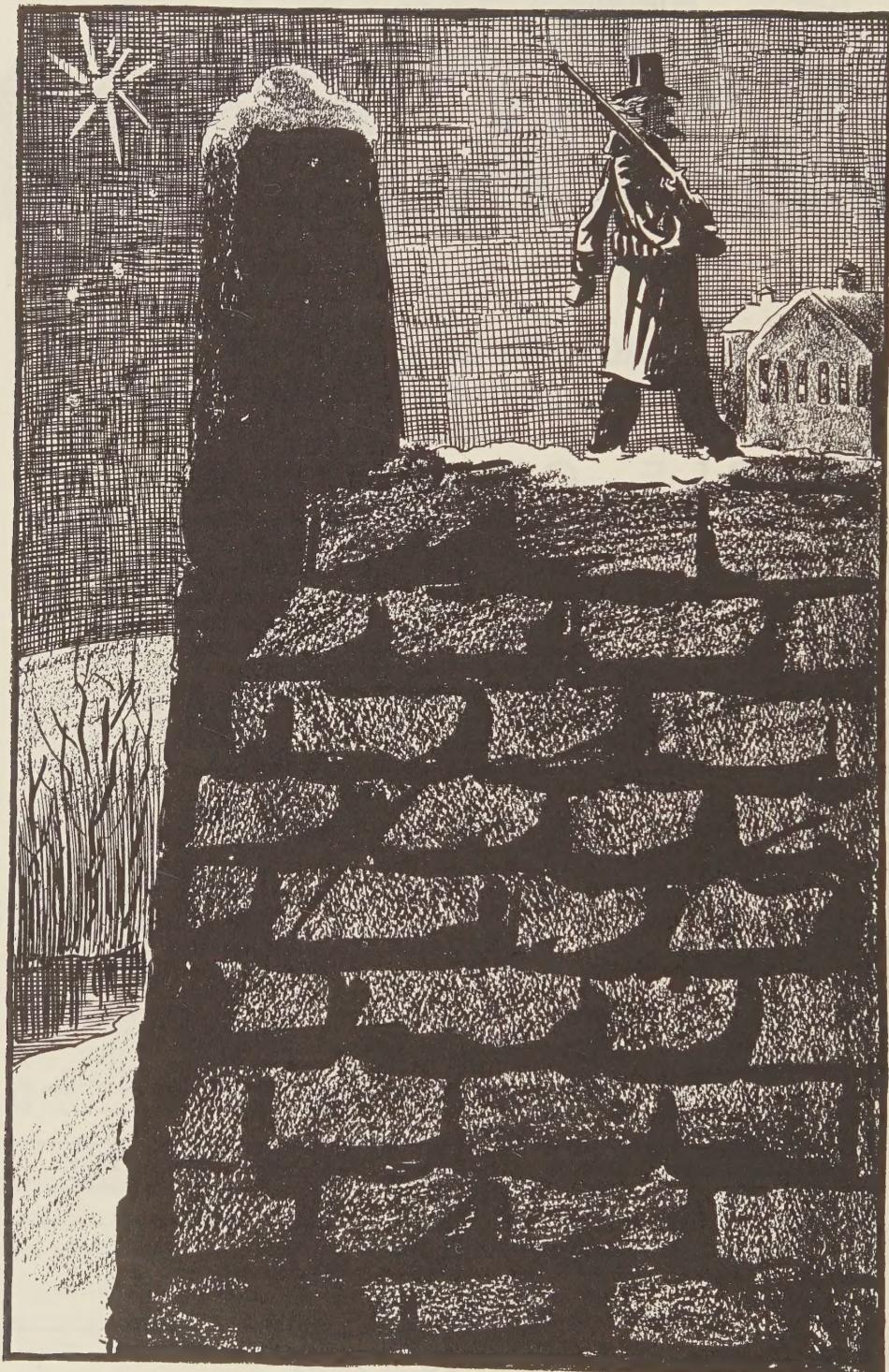
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Drawn by M. T. Callaghan

"PEACE ON EARTH"
IS THIS THE 1923 INTERPRETATION OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT?

The Industrial Pioneer

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 8

Amnesty by Christmas!

Let The Cry Ring Out from Coast to Coast, from the Lakes to the Gulf!

All Factions, Liberals And Radicals Alike, Join In Demand That Jails Be Opened And Men Set Free Who Dared To Stand For Free Speech And Industrial Democracy.

Sunday, December 23, is Day Set for Giant Demonstrations All Over the Country. Arrange One For Your Section. Make It A Rousing One! Begin Arrangements Now!

THE General Defense Committee of the IWW has issued the following proclamation:

Well into their seventh year of unjust imprisonment our members in federal prisons have failed to win from the government authorities that consideration which has been extended to conscienceless profiteers who grafted upon the government, the spies of other governments, and malefactors who scuttled ships, wrecked warehouses and blew up munitions factories. Evidently, the government holds crime to be less offensive than the holding of opinions that do not accord with those who control it.

Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, one of the acknowledged legal authorities in the United States, expressed the opinion openly to the late President Harding that the conviction of the IWW prisoners was not warranted by the evidence. He urged their unconditional release as a matter of legal justice without any humanitarian considerations whatever. He spoke as a lawyer, not as a man.

More than ever, then, does it become our duty to stir the consciences of the people of the United States, in whose name the President becomes a party to the legal crime committed by withholding from



IS THIS TO BE THE STORY OF
FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA?

these men release from cells in which they should never have been incarcerated.

Fellow Workers, wherever you are, try to get in touch with persons of influence in labor unions, civic and religious organizations, women's clubs and fraternal societies. Endeavor to have them arrange for meetings of protest against the inactivity of the government authorities in the cases of these innocent victims of wartime passions and prejudices, who have suffered the tortures of a prison hell for seven years.

Have resolutions demanding the release of these prisoners by Xmas passed. Only if, and when the nation resolves to wipe away this stain upon the reputation of a country that stands preeminently for freedom of opinion will the rulers of the United States attempt to repair this crime which has robbed these honest men of seven useful years.

These men are our fellow workers. They were condemned to living deaths for us. They must be freed. Let us say so with no uncertain voice on Amnesty Day—Sunday, December 23rd. Write in for literature.

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE,
1001 W. Madison Street.



STILL IN THE DARK AGES

—Fitzpatrick, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



BARS TO FREEDOM

Yesterday, Today, the Future

By HAL BROMMELS

TIMES of the kings are gone,
Their days are numbered;
They ruled with bloody hand
While people slumbered.

Lords, dukes and royalists
No longer chain us;
They used to rob and rule,
They've jailed and slain us.

Now we have gods of gold,
Coal, steel and lumber,
Greater than kings of old,
Fewer in number.

Present-day emperors,
Giants in power,
Slave us in industries
Even this hour.

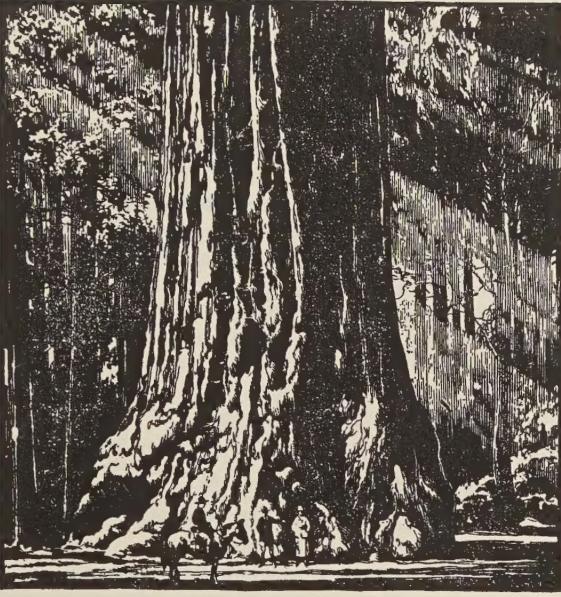
But right today there form
Means for our freeing;
Labor is rising up—
Thinking and seeing.

Someday the end shall come,
Labor will fight free;
Earth then shall bring for all
Gladness and plenty.

GOLDEN RULE OF MODERN BUSINESS

Dollars and dimes; dollars and dimes,
To be without money is the worst of all crimes;
To keep all you get and get all you can
Is the first and the last and the whole duty of man.

—R. F. Pettigrew.



California the Beautiful and Damned

Sends Workers to Prison for Being
Members of a Labor Union

Destroys Workers' Right to Organize
and Strive for Better Conditions
and A New Era

In the giant redwoods of California, lumber workers are arrested for organizing against the lumber trust.

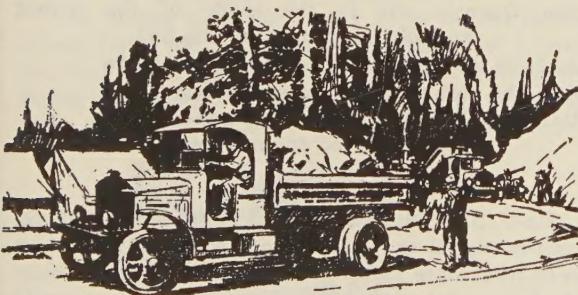
At Eureka and other points loggers find their constitutional rights vitiated by pernicious state laws adopted during war hysteria.

The hydro-electric monopolies of California do not want any labor unions to interfere with their profits or powers. They

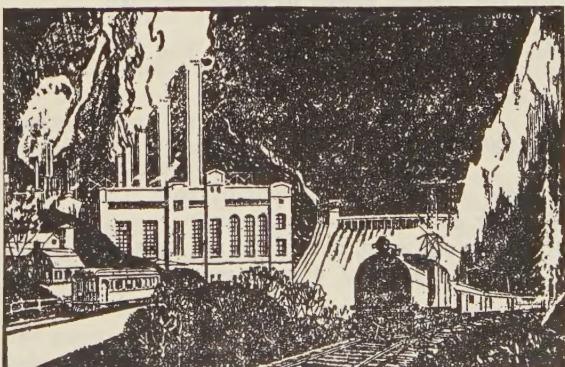


It is these monopolies, in conjunction with lumber and shipping trusts, and manufacturers' associations, that are back of the infamous criminal syndicalism laws and persecutions of labor unionists in California.

Boycott California. Arouse it to the injustices perpetrated in its fair name.



want unrestricted control, not only of natural resources, but also of human resources. Dirt movers, construction workers, power house employes—all the laborers who make possible their greatest achievements—all these must be without rights to organize and subject only to monopolistic manipulation.



Nailing Christ to the Cross Again

Poems by HENRY GEORGE WEISE

But they shouted, saying, Crucify, crucify him. Luke, 23rd Chapter, 21st Verse.

THEY have men behind bars in San Quentin today

For dreaming of justice and truth;
They have men behind bars, shut from freedom away,

For talking and telling the truth.

They have men behind bars who dared look on the stars

And follow them upward and on;
They have men in "black holes" for the saving of souls

And voicing the coming of dawn.

They have men—do you hear it?—By God, I say men!

Hemmed in by their stone and their steel.

And sweated in jute shop and beaten and starved
Because they WERE men who dared feel
The woe of their fellows, the pain of their brothers,
The hunger, the misery, the vice,
The robbing of children, the selling of mothers,
—The value, the profit, the price!

Go blazon it wide for the smuggest to hear,

Go shouting it over the earth,
That men are in prison for daring to sing

The song of the world's rebirth!

Go thunder it forth from the mountain tops,
Go spreading it over the plain,

That Jesus the worker, the toiler, the slave,
Is nailed to a cross again!

Standing Fast!

Written after paying a visit to Fellow Worker Pat Ryan confined in San Quentin penitentiary, California.

SAN Quentin stands in the shade of the mount
And the bay sits at its feet,
And the white road winds thru a landscape fair
Where fragrant blossoms scent the air
Till it comes to the house of dark despair
And bars and beauty meet.

He only asked how goes the fight
This convict clad in grey.
He only said I'm standing fast
For truth and justice till the last.
Tell all the boys—the hours past,
Guards came, took him away.

Ah, Christ, I saw my brother there,
And clad in grey was he,
And the look of the chained was in his eyes
And the something of life that never dies;
He smiled, but I heard the thousand sighs
Thru the lips of misery.

San Quentin sits in the shade of the mount
And the sun shines on the bay,
And the gardens green run along the shore
And the riot of blooms are running o'er,
But they blossom outside the prison door
That shuts the damned away.

They marched him in and they sat him down
One side of a form from me,
And the warder raised in a seat on high
Ran over us all a vigilant eye,
For there was a hundred as he and I
In that pose of infamy.

We did not talk of his tortured nights
Nor his days of endless work;
We did not speak of his longing pain
To walk as a free man once again;
He spoke no word, for words are vain,
Of cells of deepest murk.

Ex-U. S. Senator, R. F. Pettigrew, South Dakota, defines capital as "stolen labor and its only function is to steal more labor." He also says, "The remedy is simple and plain—the same remedy you apply when a man breaks into your strong box and takes your money. You capture him and take the stolen property away from him."

Tokio press correspondence places loss of life by Japanese earthquake at 300,000. These figures are disputed by non-natives, who believe the officials have "doctored" them for "reasons of state."

Hypocritical California

By ARCHIE SINCLAIR

GOLDEN sunshine; high blue sky; rolling hills in the distance; the sea singing its sullen, plaintive song near at hand; drab grey walls and steel-barred doors and windows; the "mill" shop, yard and power house—this is San Quentin. Perched atop the wall, in a small box-like tower stands a guard with a ready rifle poised, as if daring the inmates to attempt escape.

Sultry heat; angry sun in the heavens; smiling landscape, dotted with fruit orchards in the distance; four dreary, dirty grey walls; windows and doors steel-barred and fortress-like—this is Folsom. Guards everywhere, atop the walls only too anxious to begin shooting, steal behind the prisoners to hear if they are plotting escape or breaking some petty rule of the prison.

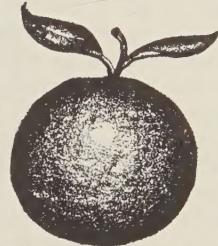
In this highly civilized country, in this land that boasts that it opens its doors to the oppressed of other countries, in California, a commonwealth of that country, men are sent to prison for daring to organize in a labor union for their mutual protection. And yet that does not quite tell the whole story. The men who have gone to prison for violation of the Criminal Syndicalism law are more than Labor union organizers. They are men with a broad social vision. They want more than just a pittance; a share of what they produce. Their philosophy embraces more than the regulation of wages and hours. They want what the seers and sages of all ages demanded for the workers. They want the full social value of the product of their toil. They believe that evolution is pointing the way to a system of society wherein all those who toil shall receive their just reward.

The Men of Marysville

This brings us to the court room in Marysville where Judge McDaniels presides. The trial is over and two of the prisoners are found guilty of interfering with the profits of the industrial owners. The other defendant, by some queer twist of fate, is ac-

UNION MEN ARE BEING IMPRISONED
WITHOUT TRIAL IN CALIFORNIA

BOYCOTT



CALIFORNIA FRUIT

HELP MAKE CALIFORNIA SAFE
FOR THE WORKING CLASS

quitted. The names of the men found guilty are Fred W. Thompson and Ed Dawe, Malcolm Fullerton was not found guilty. And in passing I want to say that the report published in a Marysville paper that Fullerton renounced the organization to escape imprisonment is false. He stoutly maintained that his fellow workers were as innocent as he. Perhaps it was a compromise verdict.

Fred Thompson and Ed. Dawe are agricultural workers, sons of the soil who help to fill the world's bread basket, and often times go hungry themselves. (Oh! this paradoxical, insane system, wherein the ones who supply the world with food are forced to hunger, wherein those who make the clothes are clothed in rags, wherein those who build "palaces fairer than dreams" are outcasts.) They are young men, not yet thirty years of age, brawny men filled with a fierce hatred of injustice, intelligent men who know what is wrong and know, too, the remedy.

Malcolm Fullerton is a sailor, a "jolly tar" with sturdy frame and bronzed cheek. He, too, is a young man, about twenty-four. He has seen the vision and become a proselyte of the new freedom.

Judge Holds Law Is Bad

Judge McDaniels discourses on the Criminal Syndicalism law. He gives it as his opinion that the law is unconstitutional. He believes that everyone has the right to express their opinion whether by spoken or written word. That the law should be repealed. But in view of the fact that the supreme court has ruled it constitutional he is helpless. The judge said that he did not place any faith in the testimony of the star witnesses for the prosecution—Coutts and Townsend. It was his opinion that Coutts was a criminal and unworthy of belief. Townsend, he said, was many times a deserter from the army and navy and that his last discharge was a dishonorable one despite the wording which was "undesir-

BOYCOTT



CALIFORNIA CANNED GOODS

UNTIL THE INFAMOUS CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM
LAW IS REPEALED

able" on account of his previous desertions from the navy. The judge hoped that the jury disregarded the testimony of these two wretches. He also said that had he been on the jury, he might have voted "Not Guilty."

The judge then entered into a long dissertation upon the principles of the IWW organization. He said that if you admit certain premises, to wit: that "labor is entitled to all it produces" the logic of the adherents of the organization is faultless. But that labor does not produce all wealth, Nature produced that. Capital is not stored up labor power. (He did not say what capital is.) He said that although the IWW were wrong in their contention that labor produces all wealth, that people have the right to be wrong.

Let us see whether Labor produces all wealth or not. We will grant that Nature creates all the raw material, but that is not wealth. All the timber in the world will not make a tooth-pick until labor-power has been applied. The whole smiling prairie land from Alberta to Missouri, from the Rockies to the Alleghenies will not produce one loaf of bread until the farmers and wage workers add their social labor to it. Until the grimy hard-working coal miner delves into the bowels of the earth with his pick and drill and powder no coal is forthcoming. Still the coal would be useless unless the railroader hauled the coal and distributed it. My lady's diamonds are bought with the blood of Kaffirs, and the sweat of the sturdy British miner. Iron ore that has made possible the gigantic industrial system, through the manufacture of steel, cannot be mined by Nature or by the wish of any capitalist; labor power must be applied. The clothes the honorable judge wears are made by the tiny, tired hands of children slaving in the cotton mills of the South, the woollen mills of Massachusetts, and the silk mills of New Jersey. His food passes through countless hands before it is served on his table. Every article that the judge uses has been transformed from raw material to a commodity of utility or art by the "magic touch of labor."

Perhaps the judge has a glimmering of the truth, but he is distressingly ignorant of economics. In this respect his education has been sadly neglected. No economist in the world, living or dead, would dare deny that labor produces all wealth. Adam Smith, Ricardo, Karl Marx, Walker, Roger Babson all admit, willingly or unwillingly, that labor produces all wealth

The Shame of it All

The judge knows in his heart that he is sentencing innocent men. He knows that the men whom he is sending to San Quentin are intelligent, sincere men, whose hatred for injustice and hypocrisy compelled them to unite with their fellow workers in an effort to change conditions. It is very probable that the judge even knows that the predatory masters are the real criminals. But like Pontius Pilate he hearkens to the voice of those who rule. He has not the moral courage to release these men.

It is a far cry from Adam Smith's "Wealth of

Nations," Ricardo's "Iron Law of Wages," and Marx's "Das Kapital" to Castle Despair on the shore of San Francisco Bay; and yet, not so far either. The men in San Quentin and Folsom have studied economics and understand surplus value, they know how wealth is produced, and know that those who produce that wealth are robbed of it by the ones who do no useful work. And knowing this they have gone into the industries and preached their doctrine of Industrial Freedom to the workers in those industries. This is heresy in California. It does not matter that the masters have secured control of the industries through exploitation, intimidation, bribery of state officials. They have got them. That is enough. In California possession is ten points in law. Dare to advocate a change in the economic system, or even ask for better conditions and the prison doors will open to admit you. The Criminal Syndicalism law is an ever present threat to those who want better living conditions for those who do the work of the world.

The smug, hypocritical judges fawn at the feet of Mammon and look with solemn cynicism at the suffering of the wage slaves. Swift and terrible is the punishment meted out to the industrial rebels who dare protest. One would almost think that Goldsmith was a prophet and had in mind this land of witch burners when he wrote:

"When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law."

The struggle is harsh and stern here in California. The ranks of the men in prison grow larger each month. Ninety-seven of our gallant soldiers of freedom have gone through the portals that lead to the dungeons of the masters. They have gone with the love of freedom in their hearts and songs on their lips. Their adherence to the principles of the IWW is sublime, almost fanatical.

If you want to see their spirits unbroken and their faith in their ideals unsullied and unquenched you will fight for their release.

THE WAY

By COVINGTON HALL

I F, O toiling millions, you suddenly should cease
To labor with your hardened, skillful hands,
Folding your arms quietly, deliberately, in peace,
Ceasing thus to toil in every land;
If you should say to those who rule,
"Our best beloved you keep
Behind stone walls and locks and iron bars
And we shall never work for you
While in your dungeons deep
They bear for us the marks of prison scars";
Then would oppression stand aghast
And tyrants quake with fear—
Awake! Be conscious, workers, of your power;
Organized, united, your demands made strong and
clear,
The prison doors shall open in that hour.



CENTRALIA VICTIMS—Standing: Bert Bland, John Lamb, Britt Smith, and James McInerney.
Sitting: O. C. Bland, Ray C. Becker and Eugene Barnett.

The Centralia Conspiracy

How did the Lumber Trust Succeed in convicting men of murder who merely defended their lives and property from a mob? Some of the facts are known; others are coming to light daily.

By RALPH CHAPLIN

"**T**HERE is lots of justice in the United States—if you have money to pay for it!" This cynical and unadorned remark was hurled in the face of an IWW prisoner in Leavenworth by an admitted and brazenly guilty German spy. It was occasioned by the innocuous statement that, "Some day the IWW cases will receive justice and the country will be ashamed of what it has done." Less than a month afterward the German spy was released unconditionally. He was not even deported. The American workingman to whom the remark was made is still in the tentacles of the law.

It is barely conceivable that money didn't release the spy nor the lack of it keep the wobbly in. But the fact remains that, in a lawsuit, the goddess of Justice is always on the side of the biggest money-bags. A man is arrested, charged with a criminal offense, and taken to court. The far-famed Constitution guarantees him a speedy, fair and impartial trial before a jury of his peers. The profiteers violated the laws flagrantly and under the

very nose of the government. Yet very few of them were haled before "hizzoner." These good citizens misappropriated millions upon millions of the people's money, yet it is safe to say that not a single one of them is in prison at present. Yet workingmen, accused of violation of the war-time laws in 1917 were arrested upon the flimsiest of excuses, held, in some cases, two years and over awaiting trial and then given a speedy, fair and impartial conviction. And thirty-two of them are still behind the bars! Even more significant was the trial of the IWW loggers at Montesano.

Perhaps it is not true that, "justice is a purchasable commodity" and that, "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor." But if these things aren't true then they are lies that are mighty hard to answer. At all events money, in America, is one of the mightiest factors in determining the innocence or guilt of a person accused of crime. Even if justice cannot be purchased at so much per, public opinion can be purchased that way. In the last

analysis the ends of justice are shaped by public opinion, which is only making the purchase at the side door instead of at the front. That is why inconceivably huge sums are spent at election time, that is how the people of this country were stampeded into participation in the late unpleasantness, that is how a considerable number of IWW members found themselves in prison just about that time. Money spent to influence public opinion isn't a direct bribe nor an open purchase. Big business looks upon it as a safe and sane investment; which, no doubt, it is.

Fear A Factor

At the trial of the intended victims of the Armistice Day mob it is doubtful whether money was used to bribe the jurors. It is still more doubtful whether these jurors would have accepted it. The fact is bribery was not needed. Every juror and every witness was coerced by terror and this terror was paid for out of the swollen coffers of the northwestern lumber barons. And the terror did its work. How would YOU feel, if you were on a jury in a town like Montesano and all your friends and some of your most influential neighbors, their minds inflamed by lurid articles and suggestive editorials in the newspapers, advised you, "give the damned IWW's what's coming to them?" Of course you would want to be fair; but, at the same time, fairly comfortable; and, of course, you would not be particularly anxious to leave your home town—in a hurry. The jury in the Centralia case had a hard job. Doubtless not a single one of them would themselves have acted otherwise than the men they found guilty. Doubtless the majority of them would admit it to you in confidence if you were to ask them. Yet they brought in the verdict that sent six innocent men to prison for from twenty-five to forty years! You can gauge the success of the lumber trust's investment by this one fact.

There were other things purchased besides the deadly publicity that poisoned the minds of the great mass of the citizenry of the northwest. Oh, yes, there were many things bought and paid for by lumber trust money besides the four dollar a day soldiers in uniform who gave color to the courtroom. The machinery of the prosecution ran far smoother than machinery does when it isn't oiled a little! And the Judge, if not subtle was at least stubborn.

An Invented Legend

The prosecution, in order to cover up the crime of the real culprits, sought to press the absurd charge in court that the loggers had fired into the ranks of peaceful paraders. The evidence was all against them. Thanks to the capitalist papers however, the legend existed. It was a valuable asset to the prosecution—bought and paid for with lumber trust gold. And this legend was used to the limit to produce the passion and prejudice that would assure the unjust conviction. Only two deductions were possible: either the loggers fired in self defense or they fired with the intention of committing wanton murder. It happened that the

loggers were members of the IWW. This fact alone, in connection with the gravity of the charge and the atmosphere of hysteria that surrounded the courtroom, made a fair trial impossible. If the "evidence" of the prosecution would not convince, the admitted shooting and the admitted membership in the IWW of the men who did the shooting would be sure to convince. Then there was the terror to be considered, the obvious and determined bias of the Judge and the machinations of the prosecution lawyers who "framed" the trial.

Framed

Perhaps you think the word "frame" is too strong a word to use in this connection. Perhaps "framing" is not the right word. But if the ends of justice can be thwarted in an American court by powerful interests determined to convict workingmen in spite of evidence and facts, then it is time that someone invented a word to designate the process properly. Whether it is called "framing" or not, the thing smacks of the dark ages. It is medievalism superimposed upon the machinery of justice—the processes that are supposed to determine the guilt or innocence of any of us who ever happen to be charged of committing unsocial acts. It makes the courtroom a place where common men and women are not tried, but found guilty. It makes fair play and justice impossible and places any workingman at the mercy of any group of capitalists who wish to send him to prison. Read the facts and judge for yourself.

The defense admitted that there was shooting on Armistice Day in Centralia, that legionaires were killed and that the union loggers were armed. But the defense claimed—what everyone knew to be a fact—that the loggers had armed themselves as a measure of self-protection against a certain number of men who were bent upon murder and destruction. All things considered, in view of the repeated attacks upon the union hall, there should have been a verdict of "justifiable homicide in self defense." But the trouble is, all things were not considered—in fact, were not permitted to be considered in court. The Judge, subservient to the will of the lumber trust, ruled out, as inadmissible, all evidence that the union hall had been raided in 1918 and that the intention of the leaders of the Armistice Day parade was to raid it again. The Judge sought religiously to keep from the consideration of the jury all evidence of the conspiracy to raid the hall and of the complicity of Warren O. Grimm and others in this conspiracy.

Jurors' Way of Thinking

After listening to the evidence on both sides, the jury was no doubt in a frame of mind something like this: "For some reason the union loggers fired at the legionaires and killed some of them. The Judge, at the last moment, instructed us to return either a verdict of second degree murder or one of not guilty. We feel that there are lots of facts withheld from us that we would like to know about. The Judge's attitude and the state of public opin-

(Continued on Page 60)

Apples

By AG-1351

A SORTING AND PACKING SHED AT WENATCHEE, WASH.



WENATCHEE, Washington, a main street town of 6,000, lies snugly in a crook of the Columbia River, one hundred and sixty-five miles east of Seattle. It is important only because of being the center of a large apple district—"the world's famous apple orchards." Wenatchee has 3,500 acres of orchard, along the valleys of the Columbia, Wenatchee and Okanogan Rivers, from which to draw its support. This does not include the Yakima district, which has approximately the same acreage of fruit.

The State Horticulture Department's conservative estimate is that 18,000 cars of apples will be shipped from the Wenatchee district this season. Each car contains 756 bushel boxes.

Big Migratory Employment

Aside from the local people and farmers' work, at least 4,000 migratory workers are required to help harvest the apple crop. The local chamber of commerce looks after the publicity and advertising required and for several weeks prior to the harvest the daily papers of Spokane, Seattle and other nearby towns carry advertisements asking for workers to come to Wenatchee. The result is that when the migratory agricultural workers arrive they find about 6,000 men and women workers thrown into a district that cannot furnish jobs for over 4,000.

This is intended and desired by the employers. The Fruit Growers' Assn., which is nothing more than the Orchard Owners' Union, sets the wages and determines the number of hours in a working day.

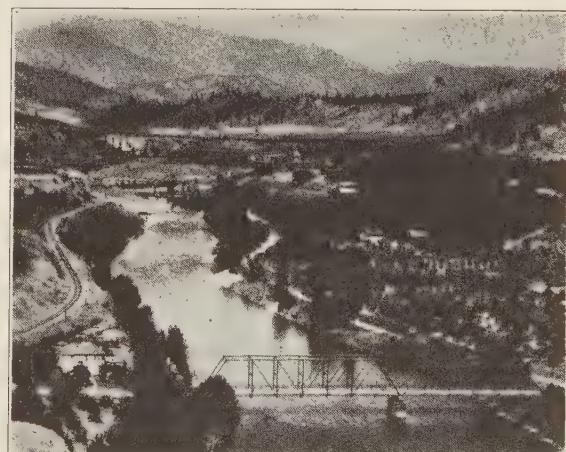
The Auto Tramps

Hiring is done through the government free employment office for the propertyless workers. The auto tramps drive over the district until they find a place to work and then make their camp. With more workers than jobs and only a minority organized, they become easy prey to the organized employers, who have previously held a business meeting, at which they set wages and hours.

The 3,000 or so auto tramps were given preference since they had their own camp equipment and

could live very cheaply. Many stated that they could live on fifty cents per day for each adult. Many of the strictly migratory workers were forced to leave without going to work. This later proved to be very undesirable to the orchard owners, as there was evidence of an early winter and the auto tramps commenced to leave the valley, when the crop was only half gathered. Whether they went east or west, they were forced to cross a mountain pass, which closed early on account of snow.

All work is done on a ten hour day basis for workers employed by the day. But on piece work the pickers pick from daylight to dark and the packers work from ten to fourteen hours. Even the nailing on of the lids and making of boxes is piece work. Picking is mostly paid for at the rate of five cents per bushel box and this proves a great incentive to the unthinking workers, who set a speed that they themselves cannot even maintain. If a worker picking in good sized apples can earn what is considered a living wage, then the ones picking small fruit will be paid at the same rate. The workers who work at the highest rate of speed, for the long-



WENATCHEE VALLEY ORCHARDS

Out Where Rolls the Oregon

By FRED PUGH

PICTURE to yourself a steep hillside in the forest, a rock crusher, a quarry, trucks coming and going, hauling rock to build a highway for profit.

It is night. Four or five electric lights, such as they use in a ten-cent flop-house, a bonfire, fifty workers sweating, toiling, to load the cars. The roar of the huge crusher. The tit-a-tat of the air drills, the cries of the "Boss": "Come on with the car."

Suddenly a cry, "Look out," from the darkness. Overhead comes upon us a huge mass of rock. A mad scramble. The cries of a wounded fellow worker. "My God, men, pick me up." A huge boulder has rolled over his legs, crushing them! Another is taken from under a car where he was also crushed. Still another comes out, his arm hanging limp, broken in two places. They are all taken away.

The workers gather in groups. Soon the Boss cries, "Come on, men; bring the rock in."

A few minutes later the shift is finished. They come down to the camp. They gather in groups under the stars. From the office come the cries of injured. The call has been sent to the distant town for the ambulance and a doctor fifty miles away.

Hours pass. Finally the ambulance arrives. It is a dilapidated truck with cots, which have to be fastened together with hay wire. The driver is

a volunteer from the garage. No doctor, no nurse. They are loaded in. Back they go through fifty miles of darkness.

In the morning, word comes that the fellow worker with crushed legs is dead, a victim of the system. Murdered that a master class may live in plenty.

At the same time, the powers that be are holding a celebration over the building of a railroad, so the timber barons can market the lumber they have robbed the workers of.

What care they about the worker who was murdered. There are plenty more meek and submissive slaves to take his place.

Fellow Workers, will you never wake up and stop this slaughter? You sweat and toil for a few miserable dollars, while the master lives in luxury on the product of your labor.

Remember, there is no compromise; no half-way point. We must force the master himself to become a producer. Do away with the system that murders the worker for private profit and that places the worker in jail for organizing to better his condition.

Don't for the Love of Pete, be just a card packer! Wake up! You have nothing to lose. Everything to gain.

Yours for the I. W. W. and the California Boycott.

est number of hours act as a plumb bob for the owners when they meet to set the rate of pay for all workers employed by them. Many workers object to doing two men's work, when there are men who cannot find jobs, while others find it impossible to turn out a large amount of work on account of their mind's being bothered about union men being in jail for organization activities.

Pickers' Average

The pickers average about eighty bushel boxes per day, and while apple picking is not considered dangerous work, much of the picking is done from high ladders, and the piece worker, if he is to make a wage, does not have time to adjust his ladder securely to hillsides and irrigation ditches. Then, too, there is the time lost when it rains, and as most of the jobs are of short duration, this necessitates looking for another boss about every week. The campers, after picking ten hours, and sometimes more, go to their "jungle" home and cook their own meals.

The packing is all piece work. The bench packers pack apples that have been sorted into three grades, but have not been sized. These workers are paid about seven cents for each bushel box, as they have to take time to determine to which of the five or six different sizes the apple belongs. They pack an average of eighty boxes in ten hours. Each ap-

ple is wrapped separately. The ones who pack apples sized by a machine are paid five cents per bushel box and pack an average of one hundred and ten boxes.

The sorting is all speed-up work. Machine sorting is especially hard. Ten hours of feeding apples into a machine that never stops except an hour at noon! The bench sorters are always given more than they can do. Then they not only have the foreman driving them but the piece work packers are always crying for more apples since they can pack more boxes if the bins are kept full all the time.

Some of the active job delegates for the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. are discussing a constructive plan of action for next year. They consider that this is a fertile field for agitation against the piece work system and for an eight hour day. Conditions are bad and they hope to improve them by pointing out these things to the workers alongside of them on the job and combining with them to take better living conditions and shorter hours, the much despised philosophy of misery notwithstanding.



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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

A Genius Who Was a Real Friend of Labor

THE working class lost a great friend when the electrical genius, CHAS. PROTEUS STEINMETZ, died. "An unreplaceable superman," he was ever sympathetic to all labor movements. A great technician, he bridged the chasm between men of his type and common labor by practical co-operation and understanding. All this is especially reflected in his support of the much-hated I. W. W., to whose defense and educational funds he was a liberal contributor, as he was also a subscriber to its press, getting two copies of Industrial Solidarity weekly and having his subscription to Industrial Pioneer paid up six years in advance.

Unlike Robert Owen, Karl Marx and Peter Kropotkin, geniuses who were born in the manufacturing, middle and aristocratic classes, Steinmetz seems to have been of working class origin. A poor immigrant, a refugee from Bismarckian tyranny in Germany, he was in danger of exclusion on his arrival in this country. His rise to pre-eminence, apparently, never caused him to overlook his own proletarian beginnings.

Steinmetz was called "the electrical wizard." His achievements made possible the long distance transmission of power, the protection of transmission lines with lightning arresters, the making of small machines which will do the work of larger and more expensive machines; artificial lightning; and the alternating current which makes possible, in turn, the present gigantic power systems which interchange power and have become a copper network across thousands of square miles.

His powerful influence was felt in practically every branch of the intricate and complex electrical industry.

Steinmetz was a many-sided personality. His friend and co-worker, C. M. Ripley, describes him as "draftsman, electrician, inventor, philosopher, engineer, supertest man, trouble shooter, mathematician, astronomer, naturalist, author, lecturer,

after-dinner speaker, entertainer, educator, sociologist, economist, socialist,—and at the same time an optimist, kindly friend to the struggling, inspiration to millions of young men, unassuming, patient, simple in tastes and dress."

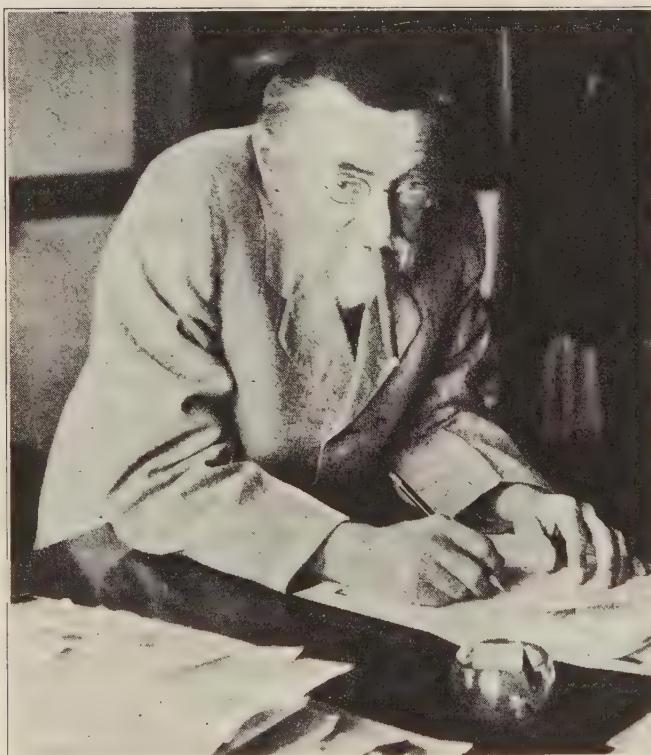
Other men, well known in the engineering world, also praise Steinmetz.

Walter N. Polakov, another technician, is, like Steinmetz, a socialist also. He pays what is probably the greatest tribute to the latter in *The Nation*.

Therein, under the title, "The Curse of Work," he says:

Charles P. Steinmetz is dead. The big heart in the ill-shaped body has ceased to pulsate. Work killed the brain. Such is the symbol and the last lesson taught us by this engineering genius of the age.

"Work is a curse! The chief aim of society should be to abolish work." Such was the slogan of the "wizard of Schenectady," as the newspapers called him, and it is indeed the aim of every engineer worthy of the title to reduce the drudgery of work, to relegate it to beasts and machines, and to emancipate man, placing him on the dignified



CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ

Photo by
G. E. Co.

level of a human being.

Steinmetz was known and loved far beyond the boundaries of this country. His name carried with it the implication of more than an "engineer." He was a man—therein lay his greatness. Because he was a man, he could not fail to be a socialist, and latterly he freely contributed of the treasure of his knowledge to building up Russia and its promise. Because he was a man and socialist he worked as an engineer. He often stated that the aim of engineering is to control the forces of nature for the well-being of mankind. What are these "forces of nature"? Are they limited to "non-human nature," or do they embrace as well the forces of "human nature"? On this point Steinmetz never wavered.

In interviews that were broadcasted across two continents he sharply defined the goal of success

for the engineer—"to find out how human forces work." "For only then," according to Steinmetz, "can we expect any great human progress." That is why he became such a warm supporter of Korzybski's theory of man; that is why he was so persistent in his condemnation of a form of society which "is organized about property instead of human life."

His engineering work was clearly guided by this lucid vision of man liberated from the drudgery of daily toil. It was the system that considered men as "factory hands" that he indefatigably sought to discredit in the popular mind. It was the ideal of man as time-binder, as a creator of the world of ideas, as a director of the incarnate forces of nature which was the compass of his striving.

Mathematics and electricity were his tools. Mathematics, because it is the only natural method of thinking for mankind. It does not depend on fickle emotions and deceiving senses; no potentate or

dictator can legislate the laws of mathematics and nature out of human life. Electricity, because its immaterial field so subtly penetrates our life, because its power is so serviceable to mankind, because it replaces with ease the ponderous mass of old, clumsy mechanical devices requiring so much human toil. With these tools he hoped to see the work-day reduced to four hours and to give to the man in the street and the man in the mill time to become truly human.

Steinmetz's achievements are many and mighty. Merely to enumerate them would be beyond the limit of this brief tribute. It may safely be said that at least one-third of the practical attainments in this branch of engineering within the last twenty years was directly or indirectly due to his researches or to his method of reckoning possibilities.

A beast may leave to his children a will: "Do as I did." A man like Steinmetz gives a command: "Do better."

The Electrical Wizard: A Recollection

SEVERAL years ago, 1916 I think it was, I had the pleasure of working at Schenectady, under the direction of Dr. Steinmetz on one of the experimental transformers in which he was interested at that time. Steinmetz would come around several times each day to see how the work was progressing.

The clearness with which he could see difficulties likely to be encountered and accordingly change plans, was amazing. There were perhaps thirty changes made while the work was going on and each one was for the better. The experiment when completed was successful and the doctor thanked the men in this manner: "It's mechanically perfect and also electrically perfect. Fine job! Now I know what the next step is. Take her down, boys; it has served its purpose." And with a smiling nod he went back to his blueprints.

Steinmetz was not only a great mathematician and scientific electrical wizard. He was something few scientists are. He was also a thorough-going mechanic. The ease with which he could tell a man a better mechanical way of doing a certain piece of work was uncanny. I remember in the course of that job several occasions on which he demonstrated the right to be termed a crackerjack mechanic. Higher praise than this is not possible from a "working stiff" like the writer. A kindly man, a capable man and withal a real human being, one who could unbend and meet with cordiality the lowest paid worker in the plant, Steinmetz' death is one of the greatest losses the world has suffered recently.

Card No. 416897.

EDISON APPROVES

Another electrical expert, Thomas A. Edison, has indorsed the opinion of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz that electrical power applied to industry will reduce the average workday to four hours some time in the future. Following a luncheon given in his honor, Edison said:

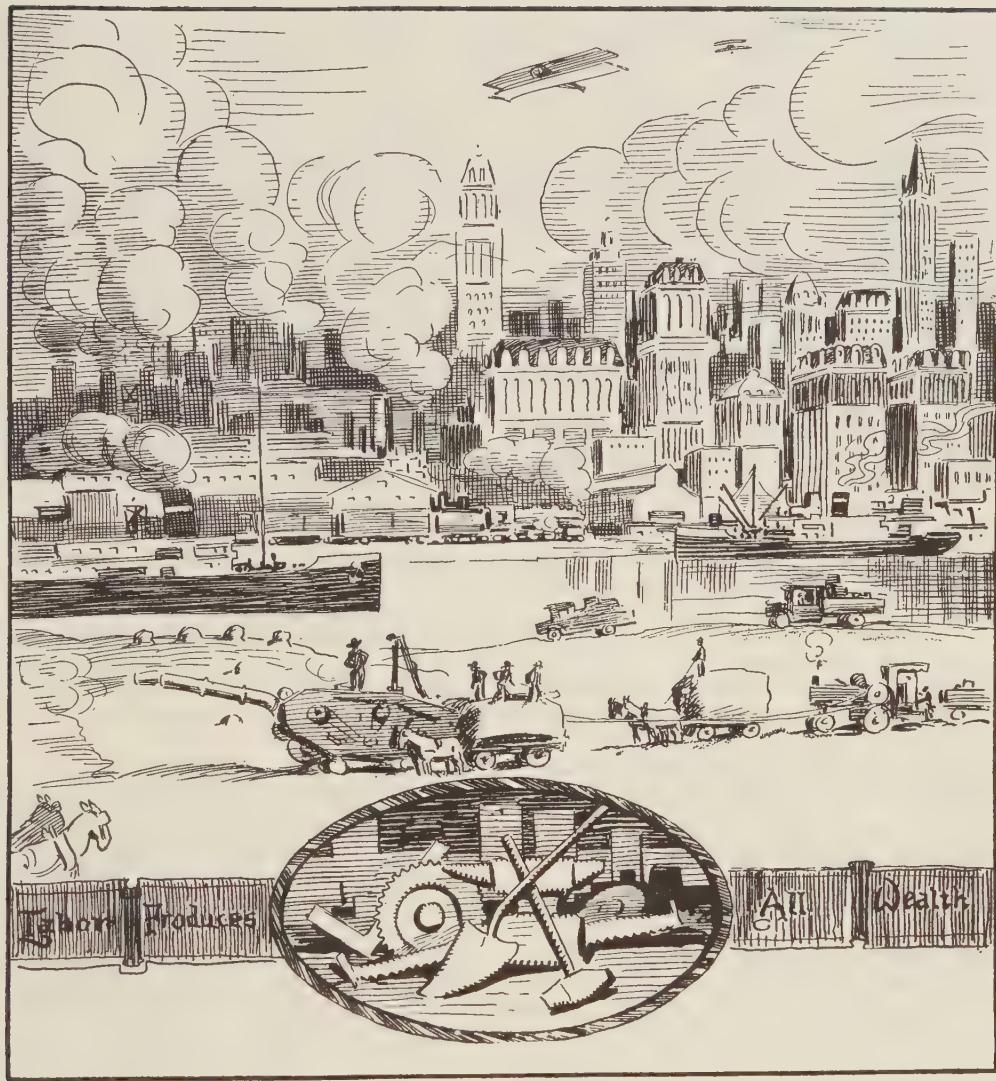
"The time will come when full automatic machinery will be so largely introduced that production will not require a man's working more than four hours a day. Some hold that this may not be a good thing; idleness is rather objectionable to the average man. But from the standpoint of the old man it will be a good thing because then old men need never work. The young can work and support the family."

READ THE I. W. W. PRESS

Consists of 13 publications in 9 different languages. The latter are English (3), Hungarian, Italian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, Czecho-Slovak, Spanish, Finnish (2), Russian and Croatian.

For sample copies and more information, address The Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Sent to any part of the globe. Write at once.

The number of children in industry has increased amazingly. The recent survey, by the Children's Bureau, of 30 cities located in the United States, shows an increase of 36.8 per cent in the first half of 1923 over the latter half of 1922.



The Fairy Wand of the Ages

The city beautiful, no less than the products of the soil—all that symbolizes man's ingenuity, his manufactures, arts and sciences—his marvelous flights of fancy all are impossible without the fairy wand of Labor.

Only with Labor's brain and brawn are all things possible of production and realization.

With Labor dumb (or stupid), denied the right or the opportunity of development, civilization, in its best sense, is impossible and the race stagnates.

More fascinating than the novelist's tale or the historian's record, is the recital of Labor's achievements and struggles throughout the ages. Sometimes they rise to the crest of the waves of progress; and now they are in the trough of reaction.

But rise they will again, for Labor is growing conscious of its progress; it is beginning to realize now more than ever before, that it produces all wealth and is entitled to all that it produces.

And with the momentum born of that increasing consciousness will it again sweep the seas of capitalism progressward, that is, towards the realization of its own ideals and the ideals of the race, namely, peace, plenty and happiness for all, instead of a few.

The I.W.W. in Convention Assembled

SINCE the appearance of the last issue of Industrial Pioneer many of the industrial unions of the Industrial Workers of the World have held their annual conventions. Their deliberations covered a wide range of subjects of interest to the working class, and reflected an intelligent determination to grapple with all the problems affecting the industrial union organization of the latter.

International co-operation and the organization of the unorganized, especially in the giant industries of the East, were among the many problems acted on. So also were the defense of class war prisoners, increased dues and initiations, adjustment of dues and initiations to international conditions, and industrial and branch autonomy. Nor was the California boycott forgotten.

The reports printed below are brief condensations of more detailed reports printed in Industrial Solidarity. The reader is referred to the latter for more details.

110 CONVENTION

At the October Fargo convention of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 110, general strikes, greater efficiency in the field, support of halls at Minneapolis and Chicago, and delegate instead of mass conventions, were promoted by the adoption of various motions.

Five delegates were elected to the general convention.

Co-operation with agricultural workers' organizations in other countries, was also voted.

A sliding scale of initiations and dues, to range from \$1 to \$5 for initiations, and from 50 cents to \$1 for dues, was also favored in the instructions to the general convention's delegates.

The Fargo convention went on record to concentrate the energies of No. 110 in California during the coming months and to vote in the general convention for a pledge against violence, such pledge to be taken by every new member when joining.

\$2,500 were also voted to the California defense.

310 CONVENTION

At the November General Construction Workers' Union, No. 310, convention, held in Chicago, it was decided to place on a referendum ballot various forms of internal organization proposed for the Union, such as branch organization, district form, clearing house, supply stations, etc., for the membership to decide.

Every effort was made to do as much constructive legislation as possible and to push organization.

330 CONVENTION

The third annual convention of the Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330, was held in Chicago, November 5th to 7th inclusive. It was judged the most successful held by 330. A referendum for proposed by-laws and the function-

ing of the industrial union under its own officials, through the election of its own general secretary-treasurer, was adopted.

Two hundred and fifty dollars was voted to fight the California criminal syndicalism cases.

The 330 convention publicity committee emphasizes the fact that:

"The membership have not overlooked the situation that confronts us in the Eastern states; they sent resolutions and suggestions on the necessity of a great organizing drive in the large Eastern industries and are calling upon the General Organization to use all efforts possible to get organizers and literature for the manufacturing and especially, in the basic industries; they realize that our coming strength lies where the millions of the workers are suffering from capitalistic exploitation, but do not as yet realize that their might is in an organization such as the IWW."

Other measures adopted provided for a \$1 convention stamp, a daily IWW paper, which was left to the GEB, the adjustment of dues and initiations in foreign countries to meet living conditions there and the pushing of the boycott against California products.

440 CONVENTION

An enthusiastic convention of Metal and Machinery Workers' I. U. No. 440, was held at Cleveland, Ohio, November 5 to 8 inclusive. The delegates were greatly elated over the progress made since the Toledo conference. (The details are given in last month's Industrial Pioneer.)

Two scholarships in the Work People's College at Duluth, Minn., were voted by the convention. The latter also favored the enlargement of the IWW Educational Bureau.

A resolution, extending greetings to all class-war prisoners, and pledging the union to carry on the work for which our members are incarcerated, was heartily endorsed by the delegates. Also, one was passed, its contents calling for making the boycott of California-made products more effective.

It was decided that the delegates from 440 to the General Convention should confine themselves chiefly to plans for future organization work among the workers, and do their part in helping to shorten the convention. Internal organization matters were regarded by the delegates as secondary to the great problem of how to "Organize the Unorganized," especially in the great manufacturing centers of the East.

510 CONVENTION

One of the largest Chicago conventions was that of the Marine Transprt Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, held October 29th to November 3rd. Delegates were present from New Orleans, Galveston, Norfolk, Philadelphia, New York (Manhattan and Brooklyn), Buffalo, South Chicago, San Francisco, and Portland.

(Continued on Page 50)



A GROUP OF MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORKERS, U. S. A.

—From *The Nation's Business*

Modern Industrialism

Lecture Delivered Before Chicago Open Forum

By JUSTUS EBERT

IT may seem presumptuous on the part of the lecturer to talk about Modern Industrialism before an open forum conducted by The Industrial Workers of the World. Industrial workers are believed to know all about modern industry. The very fact that a man works in industry is believed to endow him with an almost canny knowledge of modern industrialism and to cause him to reason in terms of that industrialism exclusively, and also to make him consequently the only one fit to assume its management and control.

It is, of course, true that being a part of modern industry causes a man, consciously or unconsciously, to reflect its existence and operation. It is hard to conceive of an Esquimeau, for instance, with the intelligence of a modern industrial worker. It is also true that many workers, because of their interest in industrial affairs, are aware of the nature and importance of modern industrialism.

But as far as the vast armies of workers are concerned, it is safe to say that they know little of the system which absorbs their mental and physical lives, to the exclusion, almost, of everything else.

Most of them live in a bygone age, mentally and ideologically. They have to be told what modern industrialism is, why it is, how it operates, and with what results and prospects it does so.

This fact has been forced on the lecturer's attention by a wide and varied experience in modern industry. He has found, by means of questions and through arguments, that most workers are unaware of their part in the industrial process. This is evident from their individualistic attitude and their refusal to organize. Both this attitude and

this refusal are impossible with workmen possessed of a knowledge and a consciousness of the part they play in modern industrialism.

The lecturer believes that some of these men may be here this evening and, so believing, has undertaken to lecture to even an open forum of The Industrial Workers of the World on "Modern Industrialism."

* * *

So much by way of introduction. Now for the subject proper.

It is always best to begin a lecture on a subject with a definition. Let us begin by defining what we mean by modern industrialism.

What Modern Industrialism Is

Professor Frank McVey in his book, "Modern Industrialism," defines modern industry as the massing of men, machines and capital in the creating of goods. A simpler definition would be "the massing of labor and capital," for men represent labor and machines capital. What is intended in the McVey definition is to put forth the idea of labor (men, women, and children), fixed capital (land, buildings, machines, etc.), and working capital (cash and credit) as the important elements of modern industry.

The basis of modern industrialism is the corporation. This is a legally authorized organization, composed of men who invest their capital in its ventures. Their ownership is certified by certificates, known as stocks and bonds. Because of their investments and their stock and bond possessions these men are variously known as capitalists, stockholders and bond holders. They hold meetings and

elect a board of directors who, in turn, elect the officers such as president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, etc. These officers, in their turn, are placed in charge of various departments; each and every vice-president, for instance, having charge of a department such as finances, accounting, transportation, sales and so on. Under them are trained technical staffs, who plan, engineer, invent, conduct research, manage and superintend.

Carrying On

Together with these staffs the officials carry on industry. That is, they purchase land for factory or plant sites, erect buildings, install machinery, secure raw material and employ labor to utilize and convert the whole into commodities for use and exchange. All for the profit of the capitalists, stockholders and bond holders that own the corporation. Such is modern industrialism, viz., an institution operated primarily by many technicians and laborers for the profit of its few owners.

Because the capital invested in modern industry is owned by private individuals called capitalists, and is used by them to exploit labor primarily for their own private profit, modern industry is also known as capitalism. Further, because it gives labor only a part of that which it produces for the capitalists, in the form of wages, and binds the workers through capitalist ownership to the control of the capitalist class, it is also called wage slavery. And thanks to its introduction and extensive use of machinery, driven by power and displacing both labor and skill, modern industry is also called machine production.

Discussing modern industrialism in detail, Dexter S. Kimball, Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University, declares, in the technological journal "Management and Administration:"

Many Phases of Modern Industry

"One of the most striking features of modern industry is the increase in the size of factories and other industrial enterprises. A few years ago a plant employing 1000 men was considered a large concern. Today, factories employing 5000 men are common, factories employing 10,000 men are not unusual, and a few plants have employed as many as 25,000 men within the confines of a single yard." (It may be stated, parenthetically, that such a plant exists at Hawthorne, a suburb of Chicago, where the Western Electric Company employs 27,000 men and women "within the confines of a single yard," in the manufacture of telephones and telephone supplies.) "A number of large corporations owning several industrial plants in different localities employ much greater numbers of workers." (The General Electric Co. is an example of this type. It has plants in nine states and 25 cities, with 75,000 employes.) "Statistics show that the number of corporations as compared to privately-owned enterprises and partnerships tends to increase, thus indicating a tendency towards mass financing and constant growth in the size of industrial undertakings."

"There is a general tendency, also, toward specialization of industry. A few years ago it was common practice for manufacturing establishments to produce a very great variety of products. Today the general practice is to confine the activities of an industrial plant to a somewhat restricted range and in many of the newer industries a very limited number of products are produced. There are a number of reasons for these noteworthy tendencies.

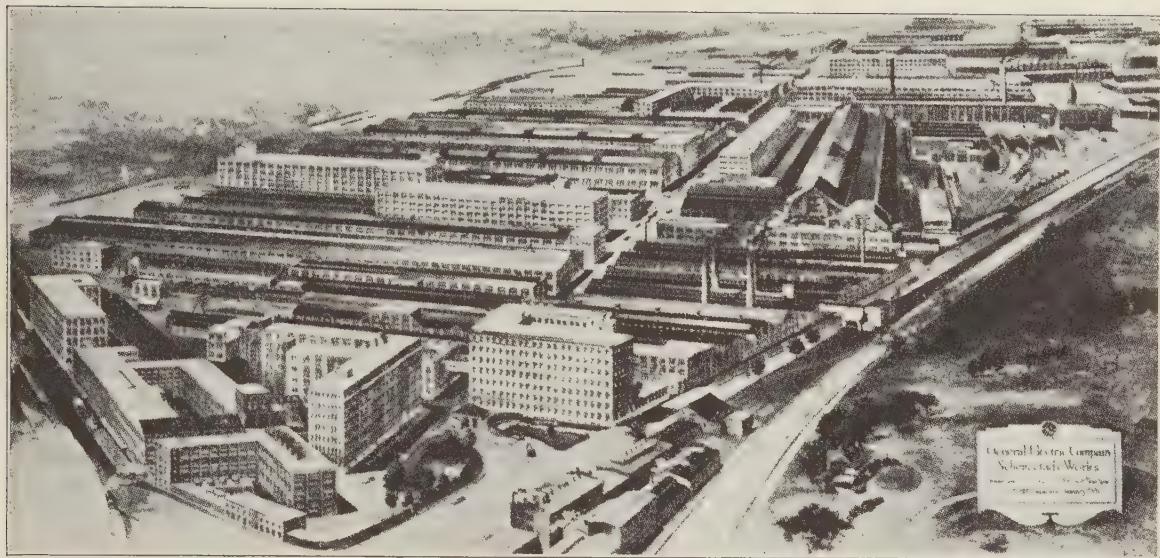
"Industrial enterprises tend to increase in size in one of three ways. The first is by natural growth in size of a single plant or by **aggregation** as it is sometimes called. The second method is by **integration**; that is, by extending the control over the supply of raw materials or the disposal of finished products by acquiring the methods and processes that are concerned in these operations. The third method is by **consolidation**; that is, by combining industrial undertakings of a similar character under one management whether these undertakings are single plants or integrated industries. The economic reason for this tendency toward growth and expansion may be conveniently divided into two groups: First, economies that lead to reduced cost of production; second, economies that give greater competitive power."

There is still one step not mentioned by Dean Kimball in the above. That is called co-ordination, in which all industrial enterprises are formed into a giant combination to exploit the world.

Illustrations

The growth of single plants by aggregation is noticeable on all sides. Illustrations of integrated plants are to be found in the steel industry. Therein such corporations as the U. S. Steel control ore mines, coal mines, coke ovens, lake steamers, blast furnaces, rolling mills, selling agencies, building construction, export, banking and other companies necessary from the source of raw supplies to the consumer. An example of consolidated industry is the General Motors Company. Therein many types of auto cars, trucks and products are made in many widely divergent and differently located plants, under one corporate ownership and control. Co-ordination is exemplified by such organizations as the American Steel and Iron Institute and the United States Chamber of Commerce. The first is an example of co-ordination within an industry, as it is representative of the combined interests of all the steel and iron corporations. The second unites all of the many varied employers' industrial, commercial and banking corporations and associations into one gigantic whole. Corporations are also made one by means of interlocking directors, of which more later.

There is much discussion as to which is the most essential or basic industry. Some cry out "Agriculture is the basis of prosperity. It feeds the world and without food man is nothing." Others shout, "Steel is the backbone of modern society. Without steel there would be no autos, skyscrapers, machinery, tools, locomotives, railroads, bridges



—From "Life In A Manufacturing Plant"

A BIT OF MODERN INDUSTRIALISM
General Electric Company Works at Schenectady, N. Y.
21,000 Employees—Scene of Steinmetz's Achievements.

and aeroplanes. Even agriculture, in a modern sense, is impossible without steel. Steel rules the world." Then we are told that finance or credit is the prime factor and that he who controls credit controls the life blood of the nations.

We also hear such arguments as this: "Oil is the basic industry. Oil controls civilization, and the nation that dominates oil will dominate the world." Finally, we hear it argued: "Textilers are most necessary. Without them to clothe him, man would freeze to death. Even the blanket stiff would be impossible. For without blankets there could be no blanket stiffs."

"An Interwoven Fabric"

On the subject of the "basic" industry, Charles Fitzhugh Talman, writing on "The Fabric of the Industries" in "The Nation's Business" for October has this to say:

"The industrial world of today is commonly regarded as a mosaic of distinct though contiguous industries. This conception, though useful for statistical and other purposes, is, to say the least, inadequate. If the industries constitute a mosaic they also constitute an interwoven fabric. The strands of one run far and wide through the others, so that it is impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. Because the industries thus interpenetrate one another, each depends on the other for its prosperity, if not for its very existence."

We might express this same idea more plainly by saying:

In modern industry, raw material is taken from the earth, passed through smelters, mills and factories where it is changed into articles of sale, and then distributed to domestic and foreign markets by way of selling agencies, railroads and steamships. The whole transaction is made possible and

facilitated by means of money and credit—by banks and banking. So that modern industry is a working together of agriculture, mining, lumbering, manufacturing, transportation, communication, commerce and finance. Without the constant co-operation of millions of laborers employed in these various sub-divisions there can be no industry in the modern sense.

Industrial Internationalism

The interwoven and interdependent nature of modern industrialism is further shown in its international ramifications. Raw materials and manufactured articles are shipped from and to all parts of the world. The Standard Oil Co., International Harvester Co., Ford Auto Co., Bethlehem Steel Co., and other big corporations have connections abroad. The Ford Co., for instance, has plants and subsidiary corporations in no less than seven different countries. The Bethlehem Steel Co. owns immense iron ore deposits in Chile.

The international character of modern industrialism was most strikingly shown in the beginning of the world war. In its September, 1914, letter, the National City Bank of New York, the largest in this country and a Standard Oil institution described the havoc caused in these truly impressive words:

"The whole world has tended to become one community with a network of interests and state of interdependence similar to that which exists in a single country. A few weeks ago men were buying and selling, lending and borrowing, contracting and planning, with little attention to national boundaries when suddenly the whole co-operative system was disrupted. Raw materials were cut off from factories accustomed to use them, factories from markets, food supplies from consumers, and millions of men were summoned from mutual helpful indus-

tries to face each other as mortal foes. An outburst of primitive passion in a corner of Europe wrecked the painfully developed structure of modern civilization.

This network of interests the world over is now greater than ever before. American capitalism is invading Europe, via investments, South America via trade and commerce, and Asia Minor via oil concessions.

Industry an Evolution

All this is a result of evolution—of a slow growth, requiring centuries.

Previous to modern industry, there was no great massing of labor and capital for the profit of capitalists; nor was there extensive machinery. The individual owner and worker, who took all the products, most largely prevailed, and hand tools and skill were the general rule. Gradually firms, co-partnerships, corporations and trusts evolved, each absorbing all that labor produced, and consolidating the industrial types that preceded it. All this was due to the invention and introduction of machines that displaced labor and skill, and required more capital than individuals possessed or cared to risk! Hence arose also the need of massing the small capitals of many into large capital. Where at first merchants had supplied the needed capital, now stocks and stock exchanges are required, assisted by banks, trust companies and such fiduciary institutions as the life insurance companies, all dominated by banking groups controlled by a few giant capitalists and financiers, like Morgan and Rockefeller.

This gives rise to the greatest phase of modern industrialism, namely, the financial phase. In this phase, modern industrialism passes under the control of financiers. Louis Brandeis, now U. S. Supreme Court Justice, in his book, "Other People's Money, and How the Banks Use It," shows how finance is concentrated and the total credit of the country is exploited by allied groups of private bankers headed by Morgan-Rockefeller. Woodrow Wilson, when Governor, declared in 1911, "A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit."

The Money Trust

Brandeis quotes the Pujo Committee report on the Money Trust. This committee found that the Morgan-Rockefeller allied groups of private bankers held:

"In all, 341 directorships in 112 corporations, having aggregate resources or capitalizations of \$22,245,000,000.

(This includes all of the strategic capital of the country, namely, the railroads, public utilities, "basic" industries, etc.)

"Twenty-two billion dollars," continues Brandeis, "is a large sum—so large that we have difficulty in grasping its significance. The mind realizes size only through comparisons. With what can we compare twenty-two billions of dollars? Twenty-two billions of dollars is more than three times the assessed value of all property, real and personal, in

all New England. It is nearly three times the assessed value of all the real estate in the city of New York. It is more than twice the assessed value of all the property in the thirteen southern states. It is more than the assessed value of all the property in the twenty-two states, North and South, lying west of the Mississippi."

These words were written in 1914. Since then the Federal Reserve Bank has been established. But it does not change the actual conditions.. The Money Trust is now more powerful than ever before. Thanks to the war, which caused this country to become a world-financial factor, the American money trust reaches 'round the globe. In co-operation with other national financial groups, it is a factor in Mexico, Central and South America, Middle Europe, Russia and Asia. Thus modern industrialism, in its last analysis, means the dominance and determination of world affairs by organized combinations of finance and financiers.

Evils of Industrialism

Let us see what this means—that is, what are its results to humanity.

The results, briefly, are two-fold, namely, the creation of class war and international war in human society.

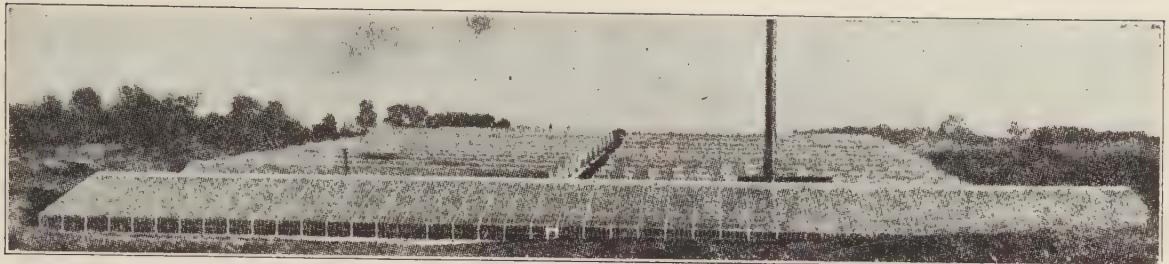
As already indicated in the above quotations, corporations are composed of armies of workers on one hand and a few capitalist owners on the other. Ford, for instance, employs 120,000 persons in his various enterprises which he and his son own absolutely. The U. S. Steel Corporation has 250,000 employees, with a few big bond and stockholders, like the Rockefellers, Fricks, Carnegies, etc., in control. Twenty-five men control 82 per cent of the steam railroad systems operating 211,280 miles and employing the vast majority of the two million railroad employees in this country.

Between these two classes of employees and employers an irrepressible contest is being waged for control and supremacy. The employees want more wages, less hours, better conditions, more control and final emancipation, with themselves as the owners and rulers. The employers want more profits, greater investments, more luxury and sumptuous living, greater economic power and world dominance. And so they lock horns in great strikes, like those of the textile, railroad and mine workers last year, when 1,000,000 men struck and the nation was nearer revolution than at any time in its existence. Unless all tendencies fail these strikes will grow more extensive in the future; or else their place will be taken by wide-spread revolts on the part of the unorganized. The result, in either event, will be a paralysis of society and the precipitation of civil war, with its many-sided horrors.

World War

But still more threatening than class war is international war; the late world war should leave no doubt of that. Then civil liberties were suppressed and the militarization of the nation took place. And war was engaged in, to the destruction of tens of

(Continued on Page 40)



THE MODERN FLOWER INDUSTRY

The Boss Florists' Industrial Union

By AARON WEBER

IN Hartford, Connecticut, on August 21, 1923, a meeting was held of the representatives of the Boss Florists' Industrial Union, namely, "The Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists." To read the list of its members, is to find therein the majority of greenhouse men, wholesalers, retailers, nurserymen, college professors and even their students.

Slowly many colleges are offering courses in floriculture and kindred lines and their graduates are the future owners or superintendents.

Before I complete this article I shall give details of how this union is built up and finally becomes, in turn, a part of the dictator of dictators, the United States Chamber of Commerce.

I believe most all of the florists connected with this organization would very much resent having the organization called a union, but that is all it is.

The slogan, "Say it with flowers," advertised so extensively, has stimulated the buying of flowers to such an extent, that the industry is now doing bus-

iness to the sum of over a billion dollars and is growing by leaps and bounds.

The florist industry is young compared with many although flowers have been grown since man has become civilized.

The old greenhouse; narrow, low, dark,—a one-man affair—has almost gone. Today we have extensive ranges, such as Pohleman Brothers of Morton Grove, Ill., which employs over 500 men and women.

Florists' chain shops are also rapidly springing up; Breitmeyer of Detroit has almost a dozen in that city alone.

How Organized Locally

Let me now begin and tell how this Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists gets its members from all parts of the country. It is composed of units, but all so interwoven that they present a solid front economically.

First we have city organizations, known as clubs. These members are mostly recruited from the retail florists, some growers among them. The Chicago Florist Club, The Cleveland Florist Club, yes, nearly every city has its florist clubs.

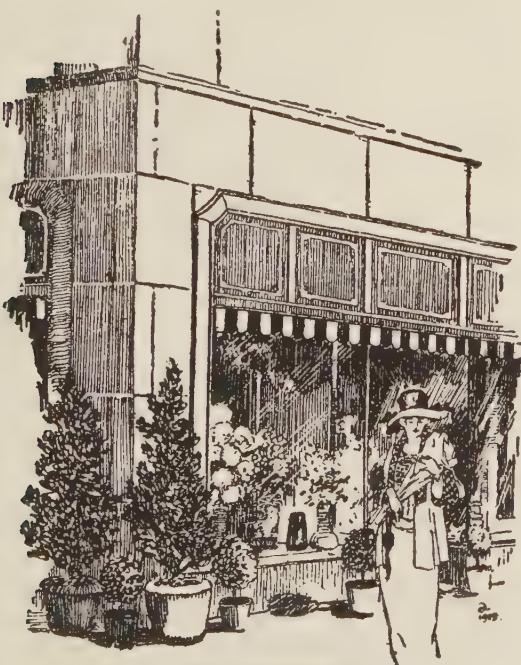
Second we have state organizations composed of growers and retailers together, which develop local or state trade. Illinois Florist Association, Ohio Florist Association, in fact, most all states have one.

The city clubs take care of city trade and the state associations do all they can to further state interests in floral production and selling.

Next we have societies that pay attention to some particular flower and develop the interest in its cultivation and sales. Members of these organizations may also through their firm be members of some state group. The Chrysanthemum Society; the Rose Society; the Carnation Society and etc., are paying much attention to special shows of their particular flower.

Then we have a national group known as the Florist Delivery Association. This group does all it can to create more business by having flowers ordered by telegraph.

A purchaser in one state may have flowers delivered to whomever he wishes to receive them—



A CHAIN FLORIST

the same day—though the receiver may be hundreds of miles away in another state.

Now we come to the Florist Hail Association, which shows how deeply they regard the saying, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

This is their effort to protect members from economic losses from the elements. Hail on a greenhouse is always to be feared in time of short and snappy storms, and a florist is soon put out of business when the glass in his greenhouse is broken by the wholesale.

National Organization

To continue: we have the National Nurserymen's Association. These are the men who deal in ornamental shrubs and trees and work in perfect harmony with the mother association. Many large greenhouse concerns also have nurseries in connection.

Then we come to the outside men known as the National Association of Gardeners. These are the men who attend to large estates and do landscape gardening.

Do we stop here, no—because we come to one of the most influential of all—the college professors and in some cases their students. Botanists, plant pathologists, entomologists, plant physiologists and those who do experimental work, such as testing fertilizers, improving cultural details and the like.

No convention is complete unless some of these professors are there to help the bosses out of their difficulties or to tell them how they can make a plant produce one more flower, which is "pure velvet," as I heard one of these men say. The students are being continually coached to fit in so that they may become future bosses.

Some Industrial Union—eh?! And they are getting results. They don't wait for the ballot to give them what they want, but their committees get busy and go down to Washington or whatever legislature they want to get at and sit on the legislature's heels.

Politically Strong

Right now they are going strong at the agriculture board in Washington, which has placed an embargo on many foreign plants.

Some of these plants can be grown better across the water on account of better soil and atmospheric conditions, but the main reason for sitting on the tail of the agriculture board is to let these plants continue to come in, because labor is so much cheaper and so stock can be bought so much cheaper.

The agriculture board's reason for the embargo is to keep out insects and plant diseases.

Greenhouses are users of hundreds of tons of coal. So we have them keenly interested in the coal situation. Not only do they hound the coal commission, but work effectively through the United States Chamber of Commerce for this end.

And in reference to labor—the United States Chamber of Commerce is the one big union for the open shop, and how florists do love the open shop! Florists pay about the lowest wages of any industry. (Talking about the United States Chamber

of Commerce—at present they are building their Washington, D. C., headquarters on the Open Shop plan.)

In conclusion: anyone who has read the preceding will surely see the advantage of an economic organization to remedy the bulk of our social evils, in preference to securing action by the ballot.

Anyone who will take the trouble to read trade papers will soon catch on to how the employers are rapidly approaching a perfect One Big Union, not only nationally—but internationally.

Wherever we turn, we note the importance of economic action.

Material Things Main Cause

It is the material things that determine most of our lives and go to make up our environment.

It is unfortunate that the great legion of workers have so little leisure to read and study so that they may understand much of what is going on about them. If they could devote more time to these things, Industrial Democracy would arrive much sooner, and with it one would see the abolition of the wage slave.

The Industrial Workers of the World are aiming for just this, with the aid of industrial unions and the One Big Union of all workers.

The Strikebreaker

(West Virginia Federationist)

WHENEVER the bitter fight is on
For life against human greed;
When the workers rally ere hope is gone
Which nerves for the valiant deed.

When the price is paid for in silent pain,
In want and nameless dread.
And victory near, then "scabs" sneak in
Like ghouls that rob the dead.

They pluck from a vine they did not prune,
They reap where they have not sown,
With a canting look and a craven heart,
And a soul that is not their own.

In a darker age when the world was young
This jackal human grew,
Skulked in the rear while the fight was on,
And preyed on the valiant few.

They snatched the bone from the woman's hand
And snarled at a hungered child,
Till the heroes were driven from the land,
And earth's garden became a wild.

And ever and ever, where human greed
Holds the human race in thrall,
The fight will be fought by the noble few
And the victory shared by all.

Then falter not while the fight is on;
There are only your fears to dread;
Though cowards skulk and "scabs" sneak in,
Like ghouls that rob the dead.

The Wreck of the Silk Special

As told by
JAMES LANCE



"**T**HREE you are Tommy," said the third trick dispatcher as he handed the flimsies over to Tommy Moore, better known on the intermountain division of the Transcontinental, as "Shrimp," on account of his diminutive appearance. "You've got rights over everything. Number Four will wait at Red Tower for you, and she's the only thing moving on the division. This damned blizzard's got all the freights frozen up and they're lying on the sidings all the way to Springdale. You've got nothing to worry about except the storm. Beat it!"

"That's enough," said Tommy as he pulled his scotch cap over his ears and picked up his lantern. "This is sure hell; early, too; we don't usually get this kind of a snorter till December," and with that he left the office in a blinding swirl of snow, which had filled the room in the short moment the door had been open. Ten feet from the door he had vanished in the white curtain which the frost king had flung over the scene.

Si Connelly, the dispatcher, reached for his "Bull" and brown papers, cocked his feet on the desk and remarked to the call-boy, "Better load that stove up again, kid, it's getting chilly even in here. I'm sure glad I don't have to take that string of silk down the canyon tonight."

"Me, too," said the kid, "nix on outdoors this weather."

The weather merited all the condemnation the sorely tried rails were heaping upon it.

A sleetly rain had fallen during the afternoon, freezing as it fell, and with the coming of darkness

had turned to snow. The wind, first merely a querulous undertone, had risen until it now howled in a crescendo of demoniac fury which lashed and tore at everything and shrieked and moaned thru the pines and spruces surrounding the little mountain division point. Down thru the train yard it rattled and shook the long string of box cars which should have gone west over the summit on "first 55" but which had been marooned there because all the wires were down west of Portola.

The silk special had managed to get thru just before the train wire went dead; but now no one could tell how the other trains were faring or what hardships their unfortunate crews were enduring. It was, as Tommy had remarked, "a hell of a night."

Battling his way down the platform to where the 1425 wheezed and panted at the head of the silk special, Tommy was forced to his knees twice and was nearly exhausted when he finally hoisted himself into the gangway, pulled the storm curtains aside and handed the orders to "Big Jeff" Carter, the eagle eye, famous for his genial smile, quick wit and chilled steel nerves.

"Fine night for a ramble, Jeff."

"Yeh, only I don't like the kind of nights you do," drawled Jeff. "If this is a fine night, I'm a Chinaman. Oh, well, you know the mills in the east are waiting for this silk to make fine dresses for the rich women."

Scanning his orders, he said, "Number Four at Red Tower, eh? All right, let's get moving."

Moore climbed down and fought his way back to the caboose which was attached to the ten bag-

gage cars which made up the special, and as the air cleared for a moment, Jeff could see the flicker of the lantern as he highballed him.

Toot! Toot! came the roar from the whistle, scarcely audible above the shriek of the storm and as Jeff opened the throttle the mighty machine strained for a moment and then slowly moved ahead on its journey into the darkness with its precious freight.

Down thru the yard, gaining momentum as the moving side-rods freed themselves from the icy incrustation which had gathered on them during the wait for orders, pausing a moment as Jeff made a test application of the air, then faster again until as the tower at the top of the yard flashed past them they were wheeling thirty, and, as the switch points of the last siding clicked beneath the drivers Jeff 'hooked her up' and shouted across to the tallow, "We're on our way now! Hope this outfit holds together."

"You and me, both," answered the tallow. "Every time I leave here I'm afraid I'll never get back. You know this equipment is all on the pig since the strike. I wish the company would make a settlement with the shopmen."

Behind this feeling of apprehension was a real reason. Since the start of the shop-strike in July the locomotives and cars of the Transcontinental had been deteriorating daily until it was positively unsafe to operate them. The men on other lines had gone back; slick representatives of the companies had succeeded in getting 'company unions' started and strenuous efforts were being made to return to normal operating conditions.

The Transcontinental, however, had not succeeded in fooling its men and the strike was still on. Even the most optimistic of the shopmen realized that their cause was lost, but as a large mining company had furnished jobs for most of the strikers, they cared little. It was just the same to them whether the Transcontinental got thru the winter or not.

Meanwhile the company had made frantic efforts to secure men to take the places of the strikers but without much success. The isolated location of Portola, the lack of conveniences in the little mountain town, together with the dread of the terrible winter months had militated against them.

Daily there were disastrous wrecks caused by defective equipment, daily the strings of 'bad order' cars grew longer, daily more locomotives were forced out of service and daily the fear of 'piling up' on account of defective equipment grew in the hearts of the men who had to take the strings of rattle-trap cars down steep gradients and across high bridges thru the gloomy canyon of the Plume Tail river. Small wonder the fireman on the silk special felt nervous.

On the trip up the canyon a pony truck hanger on the engine had come down and only the greatest of luck coupled with "Big Jeff's" iron nerve had kept them from death.

Hurried repairs had been made on the 1425 in

Portola that afternoon but the increasing fury of the storm had lowered the temperature of the shop to such a degree that the "scalies" entrusted with the job had decided that a seat by a red-hot stove beat working and their task had been done very poorly. Under normal weather conditions they might have set the bolts tightly enough to insure their staying but it was too cold for scabs to work, particularly when they were not afraid of discharge.

Then came the word over the wire that the silk special had left Palermo, the division point to the westward and the call-boy awoke Big Jeff and his fireman and they proceeded, after fortifying themselves with a big steak apiece, to take the 1425 out of the roundhouse, and, after a few minutes wait, coupled her onto the silk train.

Jeff had reported the truck hanger on his arrival and when the roundhouse foreman assured him it was O. K. had not given it more than a perfunctory inspection. After they were coupled on he had gone down to have a last look at it, but the snow was blowing so fiercely he had given it up as a bad job. "I'm always lucky," he had said to himself. Later he had mentioned to the fireman his inability to make a thorough inspection and that had added to the latter's gloom.

His heart was filled with a great heaviness. Everything seemed against them. The car knocker, one of the few left who were still working, had told him that the baggage cars were in a terrible shape and the voice of the storm as it howled outside the cab windows made him think that even nature itself was enraged at their actions.

Well he knew, that he or no other fireman or engineer had any business riding on such mills or pulling such trains as those of the Transcontinental. He knew that, he felt it as a matter of personal safety.

Behind this personal feeling was another one, one that had been growing of late, not only in him but in most of the other men in the train and engine service. He felt, as did they, that he was responsible for the equipment's dangerous condition. He felt that had the road men refused at the start of the strike to operate the trains the company would have been quickly forced to grant the shopmen's demands and that he would not have been going down the canyon on such a terrible night on an engine that should be in the back-shop, with a train that belonged on the rip-track.

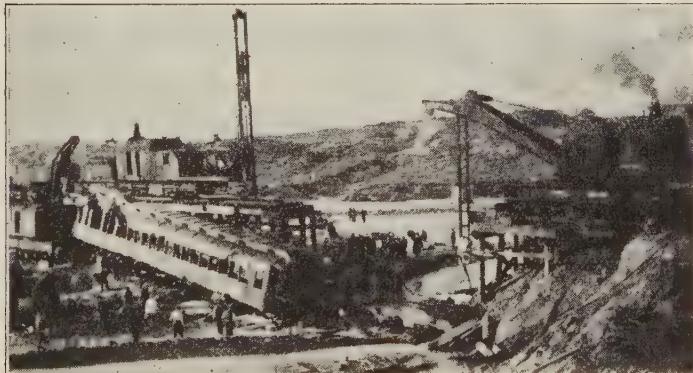
"Still," he soliloquized, "everything seems to be holding together all right. Maybe we'll make it, tho it would serve us right if we did have bad luck. That travelling organizer for the wobblies who came up with us last week was right. An injury to one working man must hurt all other workers. Funny I never thought of that before. That solidarity stuff he was telling us about seems to be the right dope. We should all stick together. The companies are smarter than we are, they don't fight amongst themselves; the S. P. and the Transcontinental have made a traffic agreement; they're



Railroad men blame lack of inspection and undue haste in making schedules for such accidents. It is claimed train went through three feet of water before crashing through undermined bridge into swollen river.

Disastrous Wash-Out at Casper, Wyoming

Among the many victims were Carl Linn, Portland, Oregon and J. R. Caussey, Taft, Calif., I. W. W. members.



not fighting for this business the way people said they would when this road was built. I guess we're fools alright."

Mile after mile flew along beneath the iron feet of the 1425 as the fireman sat and dreamed, for on the trip down the canyon little attention to the fire was necessary.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. What was that noise he heard for a moment? Sounded like something dragging—"Damn such a blizzard! A man couldn't be sure what he heard on a night like this. Wouldn't do to say anything to Jeff; he'd think I had a case of nerves. Can't seem to hear it now, oh, well, I guess it was only the wind anyway."

He pulled out his watch and figured that a very few minutes would bring them to Red Tower where Number Four, the crack limited, was waiting for

It is alleged that railroad officials and police later impressed migratory workers into wrecking crew. It was either work at low wages offered or go to jail. Many went to jail rather than be enslaved in such a manner.

them and even as he returned it to his pocket Jeff shut her off and opening the window for a moment stared ahead into the driving storm.

"Pretty near to Red Tower," he shouted and at that moment the finger of the electric headlight picked up the carhouse at the west end of the siding at Red Tower.

"There she is!" shouted the fireman and Big Jeff, nodding, reached up again and opened the throttle. A moment later they flashed by the engine of the limited and the fireman drew a breath of relief but it was choked in his throat as the 1425 lurched wildly sideways and then rearing up, ripped through the sides of the Pullmans of the luckless train as though they were made of paper. "That pony truck hanger!" was his instant thought and

(Continued on page thirty-six)

Profits Versus Peggy

By EVA B. PILLSBURY

PEGGY saw the young foreman coming, and lifted an anxious hand to her hair, patting the black marcelled waves into place. Such a slight act was that, but it changed everything.

In the bookbinding plant where Peggy worked, there were no guards on the paper cutters. Just a steel table with a heavy knife that sheared through a thousand sheets when the operator pressed a treadle. Peggy's heart was beating rather quickly as she saw the young foreman turning her way, and when her hand went back to its work it got where the paper should have been. So, when the knife came down, the stump of her hand was on one side of the blade and her fingers were on the other.

Peggy went down in a heap. The fingers—all four—were picked up gingerly and thrown into the furnace; the blood was wiped from the machine and, after an unprofitable delay of twenty minutes or more, the work went on. Some other girl got Peggy's job.

Peggy's hospital expenses for two weeks were magnanimously paid by the bookbinding company. This was really, you understand, quite an act of charity, as the girl was injured through her own carelessness. She had been warned of the danger. The concern had to practice economy in order to make a profit and one of its economies was the omission of guards on the paper cutters. Such things cost money.

Next day at the hospital Peggy signed a paper, with her left hand,—the hand very kindly guided by a man sent over from the book bindery.

She didn't read the paper and couldn't have understood it had she done so. The young foreman sent her some flowers and a box of candy. And when she got home he ran in to visit her one evening.

When Peggy saw him, all the pain left that jagged stump of a hand and she felt that life was good after all. He had not deserted her.

You see, the young foreman had been very sweet on Peggy. There had been an indefinite—very indefinite on his part—idea of marriage, and on the strength of this Peggy had allowed him special privileges not supposed to be granted prior to the marriage ceremony.

Peggy felt somehow that it would be all right; he had told her it would.

When an hour later he had gone, Peggy slipped weakly down on the couch and lay there, face hidden, trying to think.

Everything was going round and round. Just one thing stood up clear. He was **not** going to marry her. His reasons ran something like this—"Poor man couldn't afford to marry a girl with one hand. Anyway, had never intended . . . , had to help folks at home. When he married it would be to

some girl of his own religious faith," and so on and so on.

From this hour Peggy did not seem to care so much what happened to her. She couldn't get work. No one wanted a girl with a useless stump where a good right hand should be.

Her parents didn't hesitate to tell her that she was a burden.

Her cheap beauty began to fade. She could no longer have her hair marcelled; couldn't even afford a little rouge to re-enliven the paling lips and cheeks. Tough luck for Peggy.

Worse even than this, Peggy began suffering awful stabbing pains around the severed nerves where the paper cutter had done its work,—agonizing messages went flying to a bewildered and tormented little brain.

Somebody told Peggy that a shot in her arm would ease the pain, and another "somebody," more despicable, helped Peggy to a needle and some dope.

It did what they said it would do. It blotted out the pain, and in its place sent brilliant fantastic pictures through Peggy's sick mind; it gave her hours of semi-conscious drifting on rose-colored clouds, amid soft perfumes and languorous music, and then slowly back to trembling limbs and low hysterical laughter. After that the horrible stabbing pains. So for two years.

Gradually something was happening to Peggy's soul. Perhaps the dope ate it away. She has no beauty left now. The black hair that the young foreman admired is scanty and lustreless. The young body with its voluptuous curves is now thin and scrawny.

That arm that was meant to encircle some lover's neck—that was intended to curl around some baby's soft little body—will never fulfill its mission now. Those fingers became calcined bones, then ashes, in the furnace of the bookbindery company, long ago.

You might meet Peggy on the street any time. Nobody knows where she hangs out by day nor where she sleeps at night. Her parents have washed their hands of her,—thrown her out, disowned her. At home her name is not even mentioned.

Occasionally it appears on the police court blotter. Then Peggy gets "30 days for treatment." At such times she is fed on milk and other nourishing things, and her wasted body is built up a bit, and then she goes back to the dope again.

The bookbindery is showing good profits, because it is very careful about the "overhead" and practices rigid economy in all its departments.

It still finds girls a-plenty who don't mind working around an unguarded paper cutter.

There has to be a certain percentage of accidents anyhow. You can't have progress and machine civilization without some casualties. The wheels must turn and the knives must come down.



The Revolution In the Air

By C. M. RIPLEY, E. E.

The Harbor of Hamburg,
Germany, from Airplane

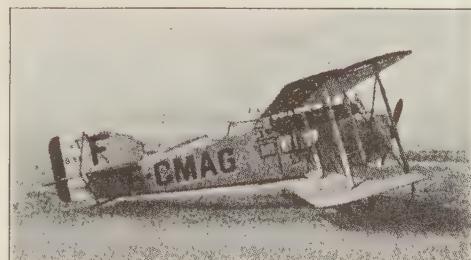
I HAVE just come from a seven weeks' trip of Europe, which included France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and England. I travelled over 5,000 miles on the ocean, 2,000 miles in airplanes and less than 1,000 miles by railroad train.

Europe is far ahead of us in the regular airplane service for passengers, freight, newspapers, baggage and mail. Every day thousands of passengers with their baggage fly between scores of European cities at a speed of 80 to 105 miles an hour. The all-metal German airplanes with aluminum wings and bodies are the safest. The Dutch airplanes are the fastest and the English machines are the largest that I travelled in. One of the greatest novelties was the flight over the Alp Mountains between Geneva and Zurich, and I have many photographs taken from airplanes not only showing the Alp Mountains but also fields, villages and cities. In making the flight from Berlin to London it took nine hours. We stopped at Hamburg and Amsterdam and crossed one-half of Germany, all of Holland, every foot of the Belgian coast, where we could see the bathers at Ostend, Belgium and other famous resorts, on down the French coast to Calais and then across the English channel in twelve minutes, and forty minutes later landed at the Croydon airplane field on the outskirts of London.

Airplane travel in Europe is safe, fast, popular and cheap. It only costs \$40 from Berlin to London in the planes of the Deutscher Aerolloyd company. To ride an equal distance on the twentieth century limited in America would cost about as much as to fly from London to Berlin. In England they have taxiplanes in addition to the taxicabs. The taxiplane will take you anywhere for two shillings a mile. A shilling is about twenty cents, so forty cents a mile for traveling in the air is cheaper than many taxicabs in America. Although I never rode in an airplane before taking

the trips over the Alps, my European experience has converted me into an enthusiastic air passenger. It is the only way to travel long distances.

A map of Europe would show regular airplane routes reaching from Persia to Denmark, from Moscow and St. Petersburg to Berlin and London and from Austria and Italy into Paris, Holland and Belgium. Among the lines are the Trans-Europa Union, the Junker lines, the KLM or Holland national airway and the Daimler airways of England, as well as the Hanly Paige between London and Paris. The Fokker planes, made in Holland, and operated by the KLM, have advertised that they have travelled over a million miles with passengers and freight without a single accident, and the other concerns listed have likewise compiled information as to the tons of freight, the thousands of passengers, the years of service and the distance covered without accidents. America should get busy in running regular aeroplane service between our principal cities. I would like to see Schenectady begin at once the construction of the finest airplane field in the east, brilliantly illuminated at night by the General Electric lighting experts, and so put Schenectady on the map as an airplane center for the New York to Montreal route, the Boston, Buffalo, Chicago route as well as the New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco route.



FRENCH AIRPLANE

A Farmer Sees America First

WALTER Conlin, writing in "The Llano Colonist" on "Why Radicalism Grows Among the Farmers," give the impressions of a farmer who ventured aboard a flivver out of the South into the North. As a result, he saw at work in the latter section all the remedies for farmer's troubles that are advocated in the former one. Finally, he's impressed with the essential sameness of conditions in both territories.

He finds, for instance, that the farmers of Ohio have not got the "one crop system" and yet "diversified farming" leaves them "in just as bad a condition as the farmers of Dixie." Says he, "the best and most scientific farmers tilling high-priced land, in many instances were unable to sell their crops for enough to cover the cost of production."

"Good roads," another Southern remedy, is regarded by the farmers of Ohio and Indiana "as the climax of all their woes, making the taxes unbearable"; as "many old, substantial farmers are losing their farms."

Conlin writes further, referring to conditions in Ohio:—

Corporation Farming

"Thousands of acres of rich farming land near Kenton have drifted into the hands of a great corporation. All farm work is done by hired help under the direction of superintendents. Onions are principally grown, and the company markets its own crops and gets the best possible price. Dotted all along the roads are the shacks in which the hired hands exist. These shacks are not one bit better than the cabins of the negro farm tenants in Dixie. Now and then you see a fine house with beautiful surroundings; this is the superintendent's home. Then you see a long string of shacks again."

Turning from the farms, Conlin investigated the industrial towns. Says he:—

New Labor Supply

"Work seems to have been pretty plentiful in the industrial cities for some time, and good roads and Ford cars have made it possible for farmers and men from small country towns to drive fifteen or twenty miles to the cities to work in the factories. These lads have become strike-breakers in many instances, and it offers a new field from which the employers can draw men in times of labor troubles.

"The last few weeks of my stay, Sept. 15 to 30, many men were being laid off in the industrial towns. It looks as if conditions were going to be bad this winter. So much depends on the automobile industry, and if the farmers can't buy autos, how can the work continue in the shops?"

Back Home

Farmer Conlin was very badly impressed by what he saw in the industrial towns. The living apartments of the worker looked both shabby and expensive to him. He was glad to get back to the colony at Newllano, Louisiana, after his three

months' trip. The conditions there impressed him, by way of contrast, as ideal. Hear him chirp:—

"Newllano looked mighty good to the wife and me when we reached home. The four-room cabin looked almost palatial after a few weeks in 'apartments'; we could get a second helping of sweet potatoes and gravy without a gripe in the pocket-book. When evening came we could hear the people singing and sawing and tooting . . . And when the sun rose over the pine trees in the morning we saw all of our children hurry away to school and all our youths and maidens going to their college classes. It may be 'radicalism' for the workers to want these things in their lives; but, by heck! they do; and, if I am not mistaken, we are going to see some 'radicalism' among the Eastern farmers soon."

That's good news. It is to be hoped that the farmers will get radicalism, so that when they are driven into the cities and factories they will join the industrial union movement, as a consequence. Two millions more of them are due to be driven off the farms in the next two years. There is no place for them elsewhere than in the cities. And there will be no place for their radicalism but in industrial unionism.

It is a hopeless idea, that of believing the farmers can turn to either colonies or politics to remedy their conditions. The tendencies are strongly against them. The industrial financiers have the economic and financial power, and they have decreed that this country, in imitation of England, shall be predominantly industrial, to the sacrifice of agriculture. And there is no political institution in this country that can say them nay; especially one backed by bankrupted farmers.

Augusto Sett, attorney general at Rome, Italy, has taken home a picture of America in which there are 54 million Americans in industrial life and 51 millions in farming. When we recall how, at one time, the proportions were completely reversed, we can see the doom of the farmer as an economic and political factor plainly written on the wall.

He has only one great prospect, namely, to become an industrial worker and join the Industrial Workers of the World. His radicalism will find its best outlet there.

Next Month!

Next Month!

ECONOMIC BACKGROUND OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

By Hubert Langerock

Worth Reading. Subscribe For Industrial Pioneer Now.



The Situation In Germany

By
LOUIS BARTHA

Alexander Platz, Berlin,
from Airplane.

MANY articles have been and are being written in an attempt to analyze and interpret the situation in Germany. The following contribution is written by an IWW editor in contact with German workers and well-versed on European questions. It is recommended to the studious perusal of all Pioneer readers.

THREE is a continuous outcry about a German Revolution. Germany, we are informed, is in a revolutionary ferment. Let us see then how we stand on the question, Is there a revolution brewing in Germany or is it only hearsay?

A loud cry arises from the depths of the starving millions. They want bread and struggle for it. But we must distinguish between the starvation of certain classes and Social Revolution.

By all means, there is no Social Revolution in Germany! There is a capitalist readjustment there, that is causing the workers great suffering.

Revolutions do not start the way the reports from Germany would like to make us believe they do. For instance, these reports state: "The communists gathered near Berlin, in the suburbs of Wandsbeck. And the German police surrounded their camp."

And again we read, "Communist armies are marching on Berlin." I presume they are the same armies that "laid down" in the suburb Wandsbeck, and the Berlin police came out from Alexanderplatz in so many auto trucks and moved them around so they'd remain there; for there is more fresh air in the suburb and the "revolutionists" seemed to be very good boys, indeed. Good, law-abiding German revolutionists, in fact.

They may be still camping in Wandsbeck and waiting permission from the police to continue the march on Berlin!

War Aftermath

The present trouble in Germany is the logical consequence of the world-war. Wilson's fourteen points resulted in a very imperfect and impotent League of Nations. The Versailles treaty did not quench nationalist-capitalist greed; but on the contrary, increased it. The various capitalist inter-

ests involved kept up the fight for more power, more territory, more influence; in brief, more of everything that spells profit.

Thus it came that the French capitalist class could not be satisfied by the various German reparations offers. In other words, the booty offered was not enough. And another thing, the French capitalist interests wanted a permanent hold on German industry. As a result, diplomatic manouvers began against Germany—and both sides determined not to understand each other. Therefore, the exorbitant demands of the French capitalists, who knew well that Germany could not provide the many millions of gold marks demanded. And thus came the Ruhr occupation.

Imitate Ghandi

Now the fight begins in earnest between the two warring national-capitalist interests. Germany selected Ghandi's weapon. But while Ghandi's passive resistance in India against the British was born of religious belief and a desire for sacrifice and martyrdom, attaining the moral height of a Jesus, German passive resistance was born of German capitalist interests and was fed by billions of marks—dirty government money—handed out as unemployment doles to the unemployed and going to the assistance of even the capitalists themselves, in various forms.

In the meantime, the German capitalists were playing another despicable game; they took great joy in inflating the currency and destroying all money values, as well. This was the opportunity to prove to the French national-capitalist group that Germany could not possibly pay the sums demanded by it. Cheap money also created cheap labor and gave the German capitalists competitive advantages in the markets of the world. Further, it enabled

them to bankrupt and squeeze out the middle manufacturing class in their own country.

The fight waxed hotter. One result was that Baron Krupp, the greatest capitalist in the Ruhr, got 15 years in the French "can." Krupp is now out, however.

Franco-German Combination

Eventually passive resistance died down and was given up. During its height, the national-capitalists groups of both Germany and France negotiated with a view to combining their interests. This having succeeded, to a great degree, passive resistance was no longer necessary. And, as a further consequence, the great Ruhr industries, the subject of French greed and envy, are no longer German. Even Baron Von Krupp has come to terms and agreed to French deliveries of coal from his mines.

The former German industry has become industry pure and simple. As Stinnes, the German Rockefeller said, "I am not a German; I am a business man." He is expected to follow Krupp and surrender to the French also.

The explanation of the German upheaval comes from the fact that the capitalists of all groups can practically change front from day to day; but not so the German people. The German people found themselves suddenly at a loss, when Stinnes called off his dogs, the German government, and ordered a compromise. In order to force quicker and better terms Stinnes laid off thousands of workers and threatened to lay off 1,500,000 more. The Ruhr capitalists' action in suspending work in plants and mines was nothing but coercion in the affected bargaining with both the French and the German governments.

The working class of the Ruhr and Germany also, is the pitiful victim of a high-handed clash of national-capitalist group interests; the tools in the hands of their exploiters, the Krupps and Stinnes. The members of the German working class simply fought their bosses' economic battles.

As things are at this writing, the Ruhr working class and the German working class are starving. The army of occupation is no longer needed to protect French interests but to keep the masses from violence, all in the interests of the corporations headed by the Krupps and Stinnes. And also to have conditions ready for the resumption of work on a capitalist basis in the Ruhr. In this connection, let it be said emphatically that the Ruhr is to Europe what Pennsylvania and Ohio, with their steel and coal trusts, are to the U. S. It is strategic territory.

Industrialists Most Powerful

The German capitalists who have already come to agreement with their French counterparts, are the chief factory and mine owners. They control 75 per cent of the Ruhr's production, in other words, they control the most essential German production. This means that the German government will have the pleasure, like all other governments, of serving merely as the rubber stamp of the industrial magnates. It will simply O. K. the economic agree-

ments entered into by the Krupps and Stinnes. This too, despite the fact that Stresemann is a representative of medium, or middle class industry, as opposed to big industry. In other words, he represents what we Americans call the anti-trust element as opposed to the trust elements. As we know from experience, they always surrender to big industry, as they invariably must.

Germany's ruling class, i. e., its dominant economic capitalist class, artificially helped to create the present German crisis. Like all ruling classes they are out for big game. What's their present game? Obviously to "shake down" and out the middle class and to more thoroughly enslave the working class? And for this reason, viz., to make more profits, especially in the markets of the world by an extended and expanded industry. To this end are they combining their interests with those of the French, English, aye, and American capitalist class, too. But this latter phase is the subject of another article, so we will not discuss it here for the present.

Naturally, in this international adjustment of Germany's industries, the German working class has had to suffer; as the working class everywhere suffers when capitalist readjustment is the order or disorder of the day. In some parts of Germany, as a result, there are very revolutionary workers and very well organized, too, as far as numbers are concerned; as, for instance, in Saxony. But they are hemmed in with general factors that operate to their detriment.

German Psychology Against Revolution

Primarily among the latter is the German attitude of mind, or psychology as the high brows prefer to call it. This is largely political and bureaucratic, instead of economic and democratic. The German mind, in other words, is over-centralized, top-heavy as it were.

In Germany, there are about 15,000,000 workers. More than 10,000,000 are organized. Most of the organized workers are enrolled in the Gewerkschaften, i. e., the trade unions. Though the latter have decided industrial union tendencies, they are, like the AFL, in the control of a bureaucracy. And as the AFL is the bulwark of American capitalism, so are they, accordingly, the bulwark of German capitalism.

Even in Saxony, where, until lately, the government was a coalition of communists and social democrats, the trades unions, as a whole, were in the undisputed control of the bureaucrats.

The communists have only succeeded in capturing a few of the unions and getting a majority in some of the branches of others. But the bureaucrats are holding with both hands onto their easy chairs and are not showing the slightest signs of getting out and giving their well-upholstered seats of power over to their communist brethren.

Without the control of the economic organizations of Germany, any attempt to capture political power is bound to become a tragic fiasco, such as the first Spartacus revolution had been; with its

death of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht who were fatally shot and clubbed in the streets of Berlin by the monarchists, as were thousands of workers, too!

Then, too, the Spartacists had no control of the German trade unions; with the result that the Spartacists carried the battle out onto the street, thereby leaving the industries in the hands of the exploiters of labor.

The Kapp General Strike.

How well President Ebert knew the value of the Gewerkschaften during the Kapp monarchist putsch! How quickly the Ebert government called the Gewerkschaften out on general strike that broke the Kapp putsch into atoms. And how quickly the Gewerkschaften responded—no doubt for a good cause—but nevertheless on government orders! With this historical experience to guide them, some of the German working class has grown more cautious and slower to act at the barricades. They now think things over twice before they act once.

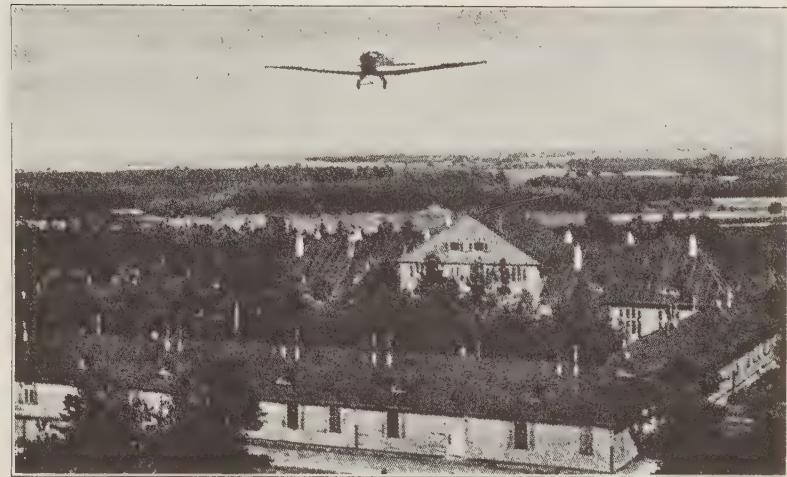
Looking at matters from even the foregoing superficial point of view, we find that the German working class is no more ready to seize industry, much less to hold and operate it, than they ever have been heretofore. For without the full co-operation of the Gewerkschaften, every battle is lost in advance.

Again, it must be recalled, further, that the German labor movement is predominantly a parliamentary labor movement, led by the leaders of repudiation, i. e., the socialist representatives. On the other hand, the trade union movement is completely dominated by its great big bureaucracy, who are both representative of political socialism and big capitalism. All in all, the German labor movement, as a whole, was shaped by parliamentarians from its very outset. And in connection with this parliamentarianism, can we quote the language of Faust, "Zwei seelen wohnen auch! in meinen brust." (Two souls also live in my breast)—i. e., the souls of political socialism and economic capitalism.

Old Methods Unsuitable to New Conditions

The general condition of Germany does not, accordingly, warrant us in reaching such a frenzied assumption as that of social revolution; of a revolution in industry by industrial means. We see in Germany, the employment of an old revolutionary technique—barricades, marches, riots, capture of government, etc.—that does not fit in with modern requirements and consequently leaves modern issues untouched at their very core.

It is true that the German mark has dropped to nil and that food prices have gone aeroplaning. But what has all that got to do with basic conditions? What does that reveal of Germany's real vitality;



GERMAN AIRPLANE ALIGHTING AT STATION

its industrial resources and gold reserve, if you like? And its controlling class ownership and organization? Nothing!

Work can be resumed in Germany as soon as the French capitalists have satisfied their greed and completely abolished German supremacy in the basic industries of Europe. It is, accordingly, a mistake to believe that Germany is on the eve of a social revolution or that the German working class is in a better position today than it was in the fateful November of 1918. Conditions in Germany cannot be compared with the condition of Russia in 1917.

In Russia, there was a war breakdown—a social collapse resulting in big changes. But there is no sign of a social collapse in Germany, political boundary juggling and changes in office notwithstanding.

Besides conditions in Europe have changed entirely since then. Unlike Russia in 1917, Germany has a powerful peasant class, the largest members of whom are allied with the big industrialists. They form a strong middle class, well-trained and organized; and, together with the industrialists, are the main pillars of the present bourgeois system of society in Germany. Even Russia has become capitalistically inclined.

It is true, the communists are trying to spread their propaganda among the petty bourgeois; in some cases beating even the hated social democrats in their compromises. They accuse the governmental social democrats with not sharing the necessary patriotic feelings of the people; and they want a much bolder stand against "the foreign invaders," the French.

"Der Tag"

This is all tactics. They say one thing and mean another. The German communists do not want a Ruhr settlement. They wish for continuous trouble and to capture political power by a daring trick; a la Bolsheviks in Russia, November, 1917. And the Fascist Hitler and Monarchist Ludendorff are aiming at the same thing. In this matter, both extremes have the same object. Both are hoping for "Der Tag," the day when, armed to the teeth,

the French and the Germans will again jump upon each other.

But, as already indicated, there is no likelihood of this occurring, at present. In addition, the overwhelming mass of the German people are behind any government which promises to make peace. For the German people, despite all that is said against them, are a very friendly and peace-loving people, possessed of great culture. This also affords a striking contrast to the situation in Russia in 1917, when the majority of the people were overwhelmingly **against the Kerensky government** and for the same reason, namely, to secure peace.

Russia No Comparison

Further, as already indicated, there is no revolutionary inclined peasantry in Germany, as was the case in Russia. The German peasant is not starving. He is not land hungry. His man power is not being destroyed by war. They are, on the contrary, the hoarders of food. They preserve the foodstuffs that the big cities need and so exert an economic influence on industrial cities like Berlin and states like Saxony.

The German peasant was revolutionary in 1848; but not today. Now he's the most conservative farmer that ever existed. And it is because of his conservatism that the German middle and working classes are starving in the large cities. The German peasants like Stinnes' inflation policy; they are stupendously enriched by it.

How well we know from experience what it means when country is lined against city, peasants against workers. In Hungary, during the commune, the peasants fed wheat to the hogs or hid it in the manure pile; while in Budapest people ate cabbage and then cabbage and then some more cabbage. Cabbage, cabbage, nothing but cabbage!

It is entirely a secondary question whether in Saxony, the federal dictator will remain or the socialists and communists return to executive office. From the standpoint of social revolution, the fight between Saxony and Bavaria doesn't amount to much. Bavaria went through communist experiment and it failed there. Saxony is a great industrial state and Bavaria a great agricultural state.

Nor will the fundamental conditions be affected by the return to monarchy. That will indeed be a deplorable reaction in favor of big capitalism; a constitutional monarchy, at best.

Part Farmers Play

The conservative farmer corporations do not let very much food accumulate in the big industrial cities. They reason: let the workers have their red meetings; but if they do not conduct things the way we want them to, we will stop their bread. Besides there is a great sectional hatred between Bavarians and Prussians and Bavarians and Saxons; about the same as amongst the Americans and Mexicans. They do not mix well!

By all means, is it correct to say that a shameful famine exists in Germany. German women and children are starving and dying from undernourish-

ment, thanks to their combined industrialists, agrarians and French oppressors. It is the tragic aftermath of the terrible world events since 1914. Did not the French deprive the Germans of 50,000 milch cows since signing the armistice? Yes, there is famine; but on the other hand there is also immense wealth in capitalist depositories and food in the hands of conservative farmers

Ghandi and his followers died by the hundreds; and their hopeless passive resistance against the British was the outcome of conditions in India, inflamed by religious ardor and great altruism. Not so the German passive resistance. It was the most selfish battle in all history; and the chaos it has brought about is in the interest of the capitalist class.

Hunger Riots Not Social Revolution

Let us repeat, in conclusion, hunger riots in Germany are not social revolution. But it may be said that that process is necessary to alter the system of society. And so with the battles on the barricades; the same claim may be made for them. However, even if there was a chance for armed insurrection to defeat the armies of the ruling class, the final outlook is very foggy, for there are 100,000 federal soldiers and 2,500,000 black militia and about 2,500,000 fascisti to consider.

Armed insurrection would mean a terrible massacre of the working class in an artificially contrived "Social Revolution," just like in Bulgaria. The German capitalists no doubt would welcome this, for they would then get an opportunity to annihilate the revolutionary movement in Germany.

The whole German revolt—outside of some food riots here and there,—as far as the various parties are concerned, is a purely political revolution. None of them want to abolish the wage system. They cannot run industry with bayonets, guns and gallows. There is something else that is needed for that and that is, industrial organization.

A working class that is directly organized in industry with the understanding and object to take over the industries for the workers, would be a revolutionary force, capable of carrying out a real social revolution. Such a highly developed system as the Germans have demands very highly organized industrial organization on the part of the workers in order to make a social revolution in Germany a reality and not a phrase.

It is always most popular to float with the stream, but that will do no good to the long suffering German working class. If we can do anything for them just now it will be to cry out with all our strength, capture the gewerkschaften! Revolutionize them and then the social revolution will be possible of realization. All else is superficial politics.

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UNEMPLOYED—After a carving in wood by Garvens, of Berlin

Retrenchment Hits Hollywood!

THE capitalists show every indication of enforcing a policy of retrenchment in industry. This policy is being pushed in the building industry in particular. Bankers are curtailing loans and are taking other steps to reduce building operations to the lowest figure possible. The aim is to cut wages and destroy unionism, if possible.

Other industries are following suit. Among them is the movie industry. In this industry the stars are being treated just like the rest of the "hands." They are being laid off! Imagine! Laid off!! Movie stars, laid off!!! The ostensible excuse is "to cut down the cost of production," which, in other words, means to create a condition of unemployment that will make a reduction of salaries and wages possible. This is the aim of the whole retrenchment policy, namely, to slash incomes, whether large or small! An attack on unionism will accompany it later, quite naturally!

"Kept At Work"

The leader in the movie retrenchment policy is the Famous Players corporation. It has stopped all production activities, according to October 26th dispatches from New York. No more pictures will be made by this corporation, so the dispatches say, "until production cost is reduced to a common sense basis," which means a basis that will enable the corporation to reap even more than the present enormous profits. This stoppage of production means that drastic cuts in the working forces have

been made in every department at both the Long Island and the Hollywood studios of this corporation.

"At the Long Island studios Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson are at work on pictures. These stars will be the only ones kept at work," say the dispatches. Notice the language: "kept at work!" And when speaking of movie stars, too!

"Other leading players who will be affected by this suspension besides Miss Swanson and Meighan are Pola Negri, Charles de Roche, Glenn Hunter, Mary Astor, Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, William S. Hart and Walter Hiers. Besides 300 lesser players and such directors as James Cruze and Sam Wood, about 2,000 clerical and technical workers will have their work curtailed." So say the dispatches. What do you know about that? As the dispatches say:

"The announcement comes as one of the most drastic in the movie industry in years and means that hundreds of screen actors and actresses, writers and technical men will be forced to seek elsewhere for work."

Hitherto, it has been believed that, thanks to their peculiar talent, movie stars are not subject to the effects of capitalism. But here we see them forced out of employment in a general wage reduction movement. As a result, a repetition of the depression of 1920 is likely. On that occasion, the Rialto—that portion of Broadway, N. Y., fre-

Russia, Saviour of Capitalist Europe

By NEIL GORDON

SOVIET Russia Pictorial, official organ of The Friends of Soviet Russia for November, makes interesting reading. For one thing its contents confirm the existence of an alliance between Soviet Russia and Imperialistic France. We are told on P. 235, "It is an open secret in the European capitals that steps are now taken to pave the way for a complete resumption of political and economic relations between France and Russia. As a matter of fact, many people believe that France will be the first European country to conclude a practical arrangement with the Workers' and Peasants' Republic." (Bold face ours.)

Another communist organ, The Workers' Dreadnought, London, England, sheds light on the cause of this alliance, when it says in its No. 31, Oct. 20th:

"Now that the Soviet Government is asking for permanent capitalist investments, and protesting that the capitalist investor will have the protection and support of the Russian Government, the smaller fry of believers in Capitalism, who do not take part in high politics, are all ready to support extended trade with Soviet Russia. They hope that such trade may better the general business of this country, and so improve their own affairs. Therefore, the cry, 'Trade with Russia,' is apt to win their support."

Important Statements

These statements are both very important, as they enable one to understand conditions as they effect developments throughout Europe. For one thing, they show that there is no possibility of "red communism" sweeping Europe. For the first thing to be noted is that no such communism exists in Europe today. The communism that was once red communism died when NEP (new economic policy) was born.

quented by actors and stage employes generally —was thronged with unemployed. Benefit performances for their relief was the order of the day. Such is soon likely to be the condition of affairs again.

The men and women in the movie industry are not likely to retain an unalterable love for capitalism under any and all conditions. They may turn against it in time. Especially is this likely if the Players' corporation persists in its intention "not to resume until the salaries as well as the production costs" come down.

LATER—Dispatches from Los Angeles, dated October 28th, say that other companies will follow the lead of the Famous Players and shut down for ten weeks. It is said that 125,000 men and women will be affected; and that the shut-down spells disaster for thousands. Hollywood regards ten weeks of idleness as a tragedy.

As a result the communism that we behold today, and that is generally referred to as "red communism" is Russian state communism. This communism is based on Russian state policies and its sole aim is to promote those policies. As we have just seen, these policies are inherently capitalistic. That is, they are formed with an eye to inducing, protecting and supporting capitalist investment in Russia and, at the same time, promoting Russian trade. And they are made in alliance with the dominant national interests in Europe today, viz., those of France and Russia. Under the circumstances to imagine that this "communism" is red and that it will sweep Europe in a revolutionary way, is to imagine something that has no basis in fact and that is, accordingly, impossible.

A couple of years ago, The Nation, liberal weekly organ, characterized Russia as the savior of capitalism, in that it offered opportunities for trade and development such as would safeguard capitalism from the destructive effects of the world-war. What we may expect to see in Europe is The Nation characterization come true! Russia, because of its own necessity for capitalist development, cannot from the very nature of its requirements, be anything else than a saviour of capitalism, especially throughout Europe. Such is the logic of events; such is the iron law of economic determinism.

THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

IN the last thirty years we have watched the balance of power shift from the hands of the public into those of an industro-financial hierarchy composed of a few hundred persons, representing our trusts, railroads, banks and insurance companies. And while these persons are neither better nor worse, nor more intelligent or stupid than the rest of us, they are, nevertheless, for the most part, narrow men, mainly specialists in money making, and actuated by a rather unreflecting instinct of acquisition. For this reason we cannot accept their control of the country as either inevitable or beneficial. To change this control, to relocate power, is the paramount problem of the people of the United States."—Amos Pinchot, "Railroads and the Mechanics of Social Power," The Nation.

REVOLT WINS INCREASE

The Brockton, Mass., shoeworkers' revolt was not in vain. Tho the shoeworkers were defeated and driven back into the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union, the bosses have announced a 10 per cent wage increase. This puts wages back to war levels.

Conveyor Makes Shoe Worker Appendage

IT used to take 21 days to make a shoe—now 4½ days. From the time the stock was cut until the finished shoe was packed, it took 21 days. A system of conveying parts and finished products was installed in the modern factory and the time was reduced to four and a half days. As in the Ford plants, the worker was paced by a machine, that is, he was made an appendage to the conveyor and had to work accordingly. The conveyor has other advantages. It eliminates confusion; reduces floor and table space, which is used for more production; and, at the same time, insures a steady flow of goods through a plant with a minimum of interruption.



THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOE

SAYS A SHOE EXPERT:

"How many persons know that in the making of a man's good shoes, there are 181 separate operations? How many know that a shoe of that type is the most COSMOPOLITAN article manufactured?

"Take a high-grade shoe with a patent leather top. The vamp is made of Russian horse-hide, tanned in this country with a bichromate of potash formerly obtained from Germany. The top, in all probability, is made from the skin of a goat raised in South America, tanned in Philadelphia with gambier brought from the East Indies. Wool oil from Michigan makes it soft and pliable. The brilliance of the patent leather is obtained by polishing it with a composition containing lampblack and turpentine from North Carolina, linseed oil from Ohio, damer from New Zealand, couchone and asphalt from South America, wood naptha from Michigan, benzine from Pennsylvania, amber from the Baltic sea, sandarac from Africa, mastic from the Island of Scio, Greece, flemi from Asia and Cuban lac.

"The lacing hooks and eyelets are made in Connecticut, the material in them consisting of alloys of zinc from the mines of Joplin, Mo., and copper from the Lake Superior district. Agatine, an ebony-like substance containing eight distinct ingredients gathered in Asia, South America and the United States is used to coat them. The Australian kangaroo furnishes the leather for the tongue, the lining of which is felt, made in New York state from the wool of sheep grown in Ohio. This felt is glued to the back of the tongue with gum arabic from the Near East.

"The outer sole is obtained from the back of a Texas steer, tanned in Kentucky with bark from Tennessee, while the inner sole is made from the home-tanned hides of California cattle. The lifts of the heel are made from South American leather, and the dextrine

which holds them together comes from Illinois corn fields. Before leaving South America the leather is partially preserved with chenang. The sole of heavy oak is stitched to a welt cut from Texas leather and made into



welting in Pennsylvania. The welt is stitched to the insole and upper with linen thread made from flax grown in Belgium and spun in Scotland. This thread is lubricated and strengthened with wax made from resin and tar extracted from the pine trees of North and South Carolina."

The Wreck of the Silk Special

(Continued from page 25.)

the next moment he found himself crushed beneath a deadening weight, as the 1425 turned sideways and pinned him beneath the boiler.

Outside, pandemonium reigned. Groans, shrieks, prayers and blasphemies were whipped from the mouths of the passengers of the limited and carried into the night by the storm. Flames sprang up in the wreckage and the scene resembled some mad dream of a hashish eater—flame and storm vieing with each other for the lives of those not killed when the 1425 plowed its way thru the sides of the sleepers.

Under the boiler of the 1425 the fireman was suffering the tortures of the damned. Steam from the broken flues was parboiling him as he lay unable to move. "This is the end," he gasped—"serves me right, I had no business scabbing on the shopmen, that wobbly delegate was right, but I've found it out too late."

Big Jeff, he of the iron nerve, had not suffered before he passed out. The first impact had crushed him into a bloody pulp and they found him hours later with his hand glued in a death grip on the throttle. Tommy Moore and the two brakemen miraculously escaped serious injury and made their way with all haste towards the engine to see what had happened to their comrades. But one look sufficed to tell them the sad story and brushing the tears from their eyes, they turned to do what they could for the victims on the limited.

The operator at Red Tower, frantically working his instrument, was sending the news to Portola and a couple of hours later the 'big hook' arrived with doctors and nurses.

Fifty seven persons had been killed on the limited, besides scores of others terribly injured.

The usual investigation followed—but the findings were vague, as the findings of such investigations generally are. They reported that the wreck was the result of the silk special side-swiping the limited—but no mention was made of the cause.

Defective equipment had played such a large part in so many wrecks during the months just passed that it was deemed inadvisable to call attention to the fact that the broken truck hanger had been found lying between the rails at the exact point where the 1425 had made its fatal plunge.

* * *

It was only a contributing factor anyway. The fireman could have told them that something far more important had been broken—broken long before, when the dividing lines of craft unionism had broken the solidarity of labor and had bound the road men with a contract which compelled them to take defective equipment out on the road to murder unsuspecting victims of the railroad companies' greed. With unbroken solidarity the roadmen could

Martyrs

By VERA MOLLER

(Suggested by Painting by Remington)

"I wish the Indians would kill me first, but they're building me a fire. Therefore I leave this token to tell you I died game." (O. W.)

O NLY a skeleton pinned down with arrows,
Signs of a fire, a word scratched on a spur,
And men with cold horror striking to the
marrow,

Behold a comrade's name thru tears that
blur.

Only an endless stretch of sun-scorched plain,
What use to rage and curse out to the sky?
Back to the saddle and the trail again,

There's still the fight. Friend past all hope,
goodbye.

Only a body hanging to a bridge,
Only a bruised corpse, wrapped in convict clothes;
Only a victim of a brutal mob,

Defiance showing to the last death throes.
WE need no sign to know that THEY died game,
We know what gave courage to each heart.
Give them the earth, The red rose, when we may,
There's still the fight; press on, we'll do our part.

Civilization

By J. BERNEDINE TEVIG

THE kiss of hate, the smile of deceit,
In the eye the glint of steel.
The laughter of scorn, the friendship of
jealousy,
The mingling of repellent units;
Convictions suppressed by lying lips,
Truth killed by insincerity,
A world of guile!
The soul imprisoned by this covenant of sham
Hopelessly beats the bars of hypocrisy
And eats into self to still its insatiable hunger.
Life a mockery—an empty husk.
Ah, if this be civilization
Would that I knew naught but savagery,
For then I, who worship at the shrine of truth,
Am a pagan!

have won the strike for the shopmen and the silk special would not have crashed into the limited. The fireman who saw the truth too late need not have roasted under his engine. Big Jeff might have lived a long life of useful service, and the mills in the east would not have waited in vain for that particular load of silk. But when the solidarity of labor is broken dire consequences result—as the world is slowly finding out.



As Our Enemies See Us

—The wolves of capitalism, with vicious fangs—a freak of the imagination without real analogy, biological or otherwise.



—Contributed Cartoon

As We See Ourselves

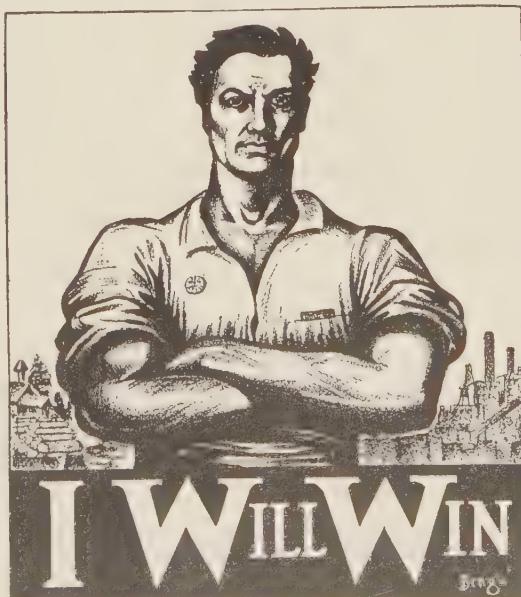
An organization of workers determined, with the help of our friends and despite the persecution of our opponents, to prevail.



—From Los Angeles Times

As Our Friends See Us

The watchdogs of labor, ever on guard to secure its product.



What Pioneer Readers Say of It

Wallace, Idaho, Sept. 24, 1923.

I THINK that the young Pioneer is just wonderful and getting better. There is no good reason why the workers could not have the best and most constructive publication in the United States.

Am enclosing \$2.40 for a bundle order of 20 October issue.

Yours for smaller jails and bigger public forums.

EMIL SCKROMARS

Banksville, Pa., Sept. 26, 1923.

Sample copy of Pioneer received, and am enclosing one dollar for six months' sub.

The Pioneer is far better than I expected, and if it keeps up to the Sept. standard, a large circulation should surely be built up.

I might state that I have been sending each week's issue of Sol for the last two years to my brother in England, who says that of all the radical papers and periodicals he reads, the Sol is the best working class paper of all.

Yours for Industrial Unionism.

FRED MOORE

New York, October 19, 1923.

Pioneer is fine. It is interesting and extremely instructive as an intellectual guide. There is none in our country like our magazine. Besides it is truly proletarian and yet it is not deprived of artistic value.

I push it and sell a few copies of it, too. I will endeavor to make some thinking slaves happy by acquainting them with such a splendid piece of revolutionary literature as The Industrial Pioneer. Enclosed find their names; please send them sample copies.

Sincere regards and cheerful greetings,

B. OSUCHOWSKY

Los Angeles, Calif., July 10, 1923.

Editor, Industrial Pioneer:

The first three numbers of The Industrial Pioneer have reached me and have been read with interest. The magazine is typographically excellent, well edited; the illustrations are good and it is a credit to the labor movement.

Fraternally yours,

R. H. HORNBECK

1605 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
July 15, 1923.

The Industrial Pioneer,
1001 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Editor:

Recently I have been reading The Industrial Pioneer and am very much pleased with its appearance and spirit. Such a magazine has a wide field of usefulness. It fills a long felt want. No. 3 is instructive, entertaining and at the same time dignified.

Most of the articles in the July number are of good quality, two of them at least deserve very special mention. "Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples" is exceptionally good. Quite a number of students, calling on me, have remarked its excellence. Also, they have referred to "Revolutionary History and the Workers." The subject matter of this last, is to my mind, of the greatest importance to the working class. Writings of this description should be sought out and published more frequently than has been customary in the past. Possibly the author, Mr. Pasquale Russo, has some more of the same kind of information in the "back of his head."

At any rate, Mr. Editor, both articles were all too brief and it seems to me that both Science and History should be featured. Those writers interested in Science and History should be encouraged.

Wishing the Industrial Pioneer every success, I am, respectfully,

SAMUEL W. BALL

South San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 18, 1923.
Editor Industrial Pioneer,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I lately bought a copy of your magazine—October issue—and I like it very much. I think that there is a good field for such a magazine, as we have none now. The Liberator has become Communistic, while the Nation is a newspaper, not a magazine.

With best wishes for the success of your venture, I remain, yours respectfully,

JAMES DEEGAN

Basil Taylor, editor of The Dawn, Leith, Edinburgh, Scotland, writes:

"I was very pleased with the matter in the Industrial Pioneer; although I do not altogether agree with your opinions, I can admire the fighting spirit of the IWW. I would like to circulate the Pioneer in this country."

The above are only a few of many favorable opinions regarding Industrial Pioneer received at the office of the latter. The secretary of the Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330 writes, for instance, from San Francisco, Cal.: "Please send us 15 more copies of the October Pioneer. The October issue is very good."

The secretary of the New York branch of the same industrial union also writes:

"The 25 copies of Industrial Pioneer that I received yesterday were sold in ten minutes. Kindly send me another 25 copies at once."

The Paterson, N. J., Branch of the Textile Workers' Industrial Union No. 400, disposed of its first bundle of October Pioneers so easily that it sent for another one. That is, it doubled its order.

Libraries, university students, labor writers, social students and others are becoming interested in the Pioneer, subscribing for it and requesting copies and the filling of orders for certain issues.

WOBLES

FITTING THE FITTER

Plutocratic Diner.—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!

Placid Waiter.—I am doing my best, sir.

* * *

ARCHEOLOGICAL NOTE

A canoe belonging to the stone age was recently dug out of a farm in Astbury, Cheshire, England. That's nothing. There's lots of workers in this country still floating around in mental canoes originally devised even before the stone age was in existence.

* * *

A LESSON IN TOLERANCE

We do not like abstract definitions. We prefer concrete illustrations. What, then, for a lesson in tolerance? Well, we would say to have a Knights of Columbus baseball team play the Knights of the Ku Klux team, with a Negro umpire, and the proceeds to go to a Jewish orphan asylum.

That would be good old-fashioned Americanism.

—The Messenger

* * *

IF SHAKESPEARE ONLY KNEW

By JAMES DEEGAN

O H! Romeo, your time's too slow;
No longer you're an ace!
Your wooing meek against the Sheik,
Would never see first base.
And Juliet, an old-time pet
Fades from the picture, too.
Great gobs of gloom would haunt his tomb,
If Shakespeare only knew!

Now every hack from Los to Sac,
Writes of the passion grand.
Peddle their wares in droves and pairs
Out West in Movieland.
With rambling plot of God knows what,
The same as Macbeth's stew;
I'll bet two bits, he'd throw some fits
If Shakespeare only knew!

Good taste it blunts with strenuous stunts,
The same as Dempsey trains;
With everything science can bring,
Except a little brains.
The product's punk, they can this junk,
And call it art that's new.
In his old grave he couldn't behave,
If Shakespeare only knew!



BARNUM GOMPERS

Exhibiting The Only Living Dinosaur in Capitalist Captivity.

A LITTLE LEMONADE

Back in the good old days before the Eighteenth Amendment took all the joy out of life, a boomer switchman was working for the Santa Fe at Point Richmond. One night when a few drinks had made the world look particularly bright he had occasion to call up the yard-office.

Making the connection, he inquired, "Say, have you got a car of sugar down there?"

The yardmaster answered in the negative and inquired in turn, "What in h—l do you want a car of sugar for?"

"Oh," said our friend, "we just kicked a car of lemons off the car-float into the bay and I thought if you had some sugar up there we might have a little lemonade."

* * *

ROOM FOR MORE

One night, a number of years ago, a switching crew had some work to do at the Vesta No. 4., the largest coal mine in the world, situated on the Monongahela river above Pittsburg, Pa.

The next morning the trainmaster received the following wire from the conductor:

"Twenty-two cars of coal went into the river here last night. There is room for twenty-two more at the same place. Please accept my resignation."

* * *

NO; A LA CAPITALISM!

"Horse meat is being served in Berlin cafes," says a news item. The service, evidently, is a-la-carte.

Modern Industrialism

(Continued from page 20.)

thousands of American lives and the injury of tens of thousands more. In his 1919 St. Louis speech, Woodrow Wilson said, "The seed of war is industrial and commercial rivalry. This war is an industrial and commercial war." Rear-Admiral Niblack also says, "No one can, however, make a thorough and impartial inquiry into the causes of war without realizing their roots run deep into the soil of trade rivalry and economic aspirations."

The trade rivalries of the capitalists of this country are bringing them into competition with England, France and Japan; while their economic aspirations cause them to want to dominate Mexico, South America and Russia; in all of which they will meet tremendous opposition, such as will shake the world once it gets into hostile action. In brief, modern industrialism, in its present manifestations and tendencies, is a menace to society and world peace. It threatens a world cataclysm, such as will justify the contention that it is the epitome of insanity; and therefore to be stamped out as one would stamp out a devastating pestilence of extensive scope.

How to prevent this climax of modern industrialism is the serious thought of all men not enamoured with its suicidal tendencies, or insane platitudes. First men must realize the vast scope of modern industrialism, that is, its transcendental character. It overthrows religion, law, state, national boundaries, everything. It is the greatest factor in all society, driving us all, with the sweep of a tornado, into cataclysmic ruin.

The New Era

Listen to the words of Wm. Kay Wallace, in the preface of his book, "The Trend of History" wherein he says:

"We are standing on the threshold of an unpolitical age. Politics has fallen from its high estate The preeminence of the state politically conceived has been called into question . . . Other forms of corporate organization are pressing for recognition. We may in turn see arising before our eyes a new, great social organization . . . in its essence unpolitical . . . 'Industrialism,' which may serve to denominate this new institution, is a social and economic system, only indirectly political. Such would appear to be the trend of history."

Recall, in this connection, the prominence of Stinnes in German affairs, of Schneider in French affairs, of Ford in American affairs, and then grasp the tremendous overpowering character of industrialism; and then realize that only in industrialism can humanity be saved. That only through a unionism of the working class therein, as integrated, consolidated and internationalized as modern industrialism itself, will modern industrialism become democratic and a blessing to mankind, instead of a

The Argonaut Mine

By DOUGLAS ROBSON

M OTHERS, mothers, bury your sons;
Bury the sons you have lost in the strife,
Heroes who died in the battle of life.
Shed the salt tear on the chill, wasted face,
Silently walk to the burying place,
All that you gave
Lies cold in the grave.
Mothers, mothers, bury your sons.

Wives and sweethearts, bury your men.
Ah, what do you think as you droop your head
O'er the face of your unrecognizable dead?
Do you picture them trapped in the poisonous mine,
Gasping, battling for life in each narrow confine,
While strong arms tear the barriers down to behold
Death reigning alone in that prison of gold?
Does your sorrow abate
When you say "It is Fate?"
Wives and sweethearts, bury your men.

Sons and daughters, bury your sires.
Cold and inert is the fatherly hand;
Cold as the earth where you sorrowing stand:
You are young, you are strong, while you stand
at the grave
Does your manhood not question the power that
gave

Your fathers to death? List, I, who now speak,
Have toiled with the dew of the mine on my cheek,
In the warrens of death I have seen strong men die,
To uphold Mammon's temples resplendent and high.
Is your womanhood true?

Speaks your manhood for you?
Sons and daughters, bury your sires.

Labor! Labor, bury your dead.
Yet pause e'er you turn from the mothering sod;
Think! Think! Shall you always attribute to God
The gaps in your ranks and the sorrows and tears,
The agonies, tortures, the thousands of years
Of hunger, injustice, oppression and pain,
The prison, the scaffold, the inanimate chain
That shackles your manhood and binds you to
earth,

That stifles your joy at the moment of birth?
No! No! You must wake, you must ponder and
think,

Bid reason no longer from reasoning shrink;
Stand upright; let all the world echo your cry,
The how and wherefore, the thundering WHY?
Labor, Labor, bury your dead.

curse as at present. Then will modern plutocratic industrialism, with its class and world wars, give way to world industrialism by the world's industrial workers, with its peace and happiness for all society.

The Lynching of Bud Williams

Coleman Tracy, a Retired Deputy Sheriff, Relates Some of His Most Thrilling Experience in the Cotton Fields of Dixie.

By ADAM NOIR

Yes, I've seen a lot of strange things done in the name of law and order, and I've taken part in some, but I believe the lynching of Bud Williams was about the rankest piece of injustice I ever had anything to do with.

You see, it was like this:

Cotton picking is paid for by weight picked. An average hand can pick about 250 pounds per day. The autumn before I was twenty-five years old, the price was 35 cents per hundred pounds, about 87 cents per day.

When the cost of living was at its lowest, such a wage would hardly suffice to keep one alive and well. That year there had been a sharp advance in the price of necessities and there was much hunger and discontent among the working people of the South.

Bud Williams, a negro preacher, came from the state of Mississippi. He was picking cotton on one of the larger plantations—and preaching on Sunday at a little church in the woods.

It seems that he did not confine himself to the usual orthodox interpretation of his texts, and a rumor got afloat that he was exhorting his congregation to organize and demand 40 cents per hundred pounds for picking cotton.

I can masquerade as a negro pretty well. So, I was instructed to stain my face to resemble a mulatto, and slip into his congregation to learn the facts.

The preacher's talk was mild enough. But, he did insist that all cotton pickers, white and black, should get together and demand a higher wage.

I noticed quite a sprinkling of white faces in his congregation, and their owners seemed to approve of his proposition. At least, they were eagerly attentive to his words.

Two of these whites, George Anderson and his wife, Tillie, were known to me. Both of them openly voiced their opinion that the two races should quit quarreling about the color of their skin and the texture of their hair and stand together against the rich land owners.

* * *

I reported what I heard and otherwise observed, without addition or subtraction or comment of any kind, but it appeared impossible for the "higher-ups" to interpret it the way I saw it. The story soon got about that Bud Williams was preaching race equality; intermarriage and the like. I denied this as emphatically as I could, but to no avail. The sheriff took my deputy badge and advised me to get out of the country. Uncle Bill then threw

down his badge and resigned. This action caused the sheriff to apologize and reinstate both of us.

A few days later we were sent over in the west end of the county. While we were away, a mob was raised—in which, I am certain, the sheriff participated—which burned the church in the woods and chased Bud Williams into the swamp.

About the time the church was burned, George Anderson got a job making cypress shales, or clapboards, to cover a barn. Tillie, who was chilling anyway, quit working out and stayed home to pick out a little patch of cotton of their own.

George worked about a mile from home, and it was the custom for Tillie to take his noon lunch out to him each day. She rode a white mule, bareback, and sitting with both legs on one side, as was the style for women in those days.

Some four or five days after Bud Williams disappeared, Tillie failed to arrive with the lunch. Thinking she perhaps had a harder chill than usual, George worked on until three o'clock and then started home. About half way, he found Tillie lying by the road-side, dead.

The neighbors and the coroner were summoned. As a deputy sheriff, I went with the coroner to summon witnesses and the like, and make arrests if it became necessary.

Tillie had quite evidently been killed by striking her head on a "cypress knee," or root growth which protrudes from the ground at irregular intervals around cypress trees, and bears a fancied resemblance to the closely doubled human knee. In fact, her head still rested on the "knee" just as it had first struck. And, there was no other mark of violence about her. The tin lard pail containing lunch was close by. The mule tracks showed plainly that it had "shied" or jumped sideways.

With this evidence, and the common knowledge that mules will, on occasion, shy at anything or nothing, the cause and manner of death seemed plain.

The affair might have ended there had not a strange foot-print been discovered in the road, about one hundred feet from where the body lay. Someone claimed to recognize this as the foot-print of Bud Williams; and some idiot suggested the possibility of rape.

Acting on this foolish suggestion, a re-examination of the body was demanded. The coroner quickly exploded the rape theory with evidence so convincing that no sane person could doubt. Not one there present but admitted the impossibility of such a crime having been attempted.

When I reached town next day, Colonel Caruth-

ers—on whose plantation Williams had been working—was drunk, and telling everyone who would listen that it was a plain case of murder and attempted rape, and that Bud Williams was the guilty party. By noon he had a lot of men believing him, and just drunk enough to do anything he might suggest. As a clincher, he offered a hundred dollars reward to anyone who would bring in Williams, dead or alive.

I wanted to arrest Caruthers, but no justice would issue a warrant; and, I knew I would start trouble if I tried to take him without one. Along in the middle of the afternoon, he, and a party of about twenty, rode out of town with the avowed intention of capturing Bud Williams.

I did not like the looks of things. There was no telling what those drunken hoodlums might do to the negro should they find him there in the swamp, so I swore to a complaint charging him with vagrancy and went out to bring him in for safe-keeping.

I remembered seeing Anderson and his wife at one of Williams' meetings, so I went direct to him.

* * *

When I convinced Anderson that my arrest of Williams would be a friendly act, he volunteered to guide me to his hiding place, which we reached about one o'clock next morning.

After dodging about a lot to avoid contact with Caruthers and his gang, I got my prisoner safely lodged in jail about ten a. m.

* * *

While I was waiting in the office to get a receipt for my prisoner, Uncle Bill was given some warrants to serve, away over in the swamp, a two-day trip, there and back. I was ordered to go along. We started at once.

When we were well out of town, we turned down a side road and talked matters over.

Certain remarks I had accidentally overheard while in the sheriff's office caused me to suspect that there was a plan afoot to lynch Williams, that the sheriff was a party to this plan, and that we had been sent away so there would be no interference. Uncle Bill agreed that I was probably right, but did not see how we could alter circumstances; orders were orders, and he was for going on and serving the warrants he had been entrusted with.

I grew impatient and told him he might go on, or go to hell, if he chose, but I was going back and stay in town until I could feel sure there was not going to be any foul play.

I expected he would take offense at this outbreak and maybe want to fight, but he didn't. When he saw that I was determined to go back, he gave in and said he would go along and see me through. After a long talk, in which we discussed contingencies and developed our plans, we shook hands on it and rode back to town.

We did not ride all the way into town, but

picketed our horses in a thick grove in one corner of the cemetery and, by traversing side streets and alleys, made our way to the back room of a saloon which was handling a lot of whiskey that had never paid revenue tax. It did not take long to convince the proprietor that our presence must not be disclosed.

We stayed in this room all afternoon, the proprietor bringing us food and drink, and keeping us posted on current happenings.

Long before dark, we knew positively that the jail would be raided that night.

When darkness fell, we walked to the court house—just across the street from the jail—and took up a position under a large rose bush.

About eight o'clock, shadowy forms began to gather on the corner a half block away. When they began to move up street toward the jail we ran across and entered the jail office.

The sheriff and night jailer were there alone. They were greatly surprised to see us, but said they were glad we came so opportunely, as they expected trouble.

Uncle Bill stopped with the sheriff, while I went upstairs to a window overlooking the jail entrance.

When the mob reached the lower step the sheriff walked out on the landing and asked them what they wanted. They said they wanted Bud Williams. He then told them they could not have Williams; and, that he had Bill Chatterton and Cole Tracy there to back him up.

I know now that he intended his announcement of our presence as a warning to the mob; but I do not think they grasped its significance. For they just laughed and hooted and started up the steps.

Uncle Bill quickly stepped forward and fired into the crowd—dropping his man. They wavered somewhat, and I fired twice, dropping a man each shot.

Uncle Bill was just in the act of firing again when the sheriff, who was behind him, raised his revolver and shot him in the back of the head. I instantly lowered the muzzle of my weapon and shot the sheriff in the top of the head. Then, something—I think it was the jailer's "blackjack" hit me on the head and I went to sleep.

When I became conscious again I was handcuffed and in a cell. I could hear people moving about in the office and called to them. There was hurried talking, in a tone which indicated argument, and a voice which I recognized as that of Colonel Caruthers, said: "No, we can't afford to do anything like that. We would have the whole state up in arms." "Just leave him where he is 'til midnight. Then, turn him loose and see that he gets out of the country and stays out."

I then heard a sound of dragging, and the trampling of many feet. After that, all was still.

Shortly after midnight, four men came and loaded me into a closed carriage. They took me into the country about five miles and told me to "GIT."

On our way, and just at the outskirts of the town, we passed near a little flickering fire under some trees. One of my guards asked me to guess what it meant, but I declined. They then told me, with much boasting, that it was there they had roasted Bud Williams.

They chained him to a tree, brought packing cases and empty barrels, broke them up and built a pyramid around him and poured several gallons of coal oil over all. When all was ready, Colonel Caruthers fired it with his own hand.

* * *

Well, what happened next is a matter of local history.

Uncle Bill was not killed after all. When he felt the muzzle of the gun against his head he "ducked" and received nothing more than a scalp wound, the most painful feature of which was the powder burn.

At the special election, held to choose a new sheriff, he was elected, and I was elevated to the position of chief deputy.

The sequel to the lynching happened a couple of years of years later, and, for cold-blooded fiendishness beats anything I ever heard of. But, perhaps I'd better tell it, it might prove interesting.

* * *

You know, in that part of the country there was, at the time of this story, mile upon mile of unbroken forest. Perhaps half of this timber was oak, beech, hickory, pecan, etc., the nuts and acorns of which make most excellent pig feed.

People living in, or adjacent to these forests did not bother to feed their growing pigs, but turned them loose in the woods and let them rustle for themselves.

At convenient intervals, the owners would round up the young ones and mark, or brand them. Such as were best suited to the purpose, were confined in pens in order to make the flesh more firm than that which had been fed upon "mast" alone. The others were turned back into the woods.

Quite naturally, many escaped the fattening pen from year to year, until they became very old. With increasing age, they became increasingly wild and savage.

It sometimes happened that one's "Wild Hog Claim" did not yield the number of young pigs required and some of the older ones were captured and confined. It takes a pretty good pen to hold these old timers. It must be made of thick logs, and at least six feet high; for they can jump surprisingly, and, on the approach of a human being, will charge at the logs with the fierceness of a tiger.

* * *

Colonel Caruthers had three of these wild pigs in a stout pen. Being naturally of a cruel and barbarous disposition, he frequently amused himself by standing on the side of the pen and jabbing them with a long stick, just to see them rave. Nor would he quit until they dropped from sheer exhaustion.



In that country, people did not keep their chickens confined, but gave them free range of the grounds, and permitted them to nest wherever they could find a suitable place; which was usually somewhere about the barn. Hunting hen's nests was a regular occupation with those who had supervision of the family larder.

Caruthers had a negro cook whose duty it was to gather up the eggs each day. One day this cook came running into the house and reported that Caruthers had fallen into the wild hog pen.

Mrs. Caruthers and an old maid daughter—Lavinia—with the cook—Mary Huggins—were the only persons about the premises. There was not a man within a half mile.

They all seized clubs and belabored the pigs vigorously, but to no avail. They may as well have beaten the stout logs of the pen. The pigs only grunted, and continued their maceration of the not yet dead, Colonel. Nor did their work of destruction cease until a half hour later when a passing neighbor shot the pigs and dragged from the pen the dish-pan full of bones and mire covered flesh—all that remained of the victim.

Mary Huggins fought the pigs as vigorously as did the others, and her manifestations of grief and horror appeared to be as genuine. Nevertheless, in his death agony, Caruthers shouted out something which the daughter interpreted as a statement that the cook had pushed him into the pen.

It really did not seem probable that Caruthers had lost his balance and toppled into the pen accidentally, so, acting on the testimony of the daughter, the coroner decided that he came to his death at the hand of Mary Huggins. She was promptly lodged in jail, charged with murder in the first degree.

Justice moves swiftly where negroes are concerned, and in less than ten days Mary Huggins was tried and sentenced to hang. The date of execution being set for the Friday following Thanksgiving—about six weeks away.

To the very last, Mary protested her innocence, and, notwithstanding the verdict, the official conscience was somewhat perturbed over the possibility of executing an innocent person. So the effort to secure a confession was continued with redoubled energy. Because of my exceptional skill at obtaining the confidence of negro prisoners, I was detailed to get this confession.

I visited her in her cell almost every day, and we became very good friends indeed. But it was not until ten days prior to the date of execution that I accomplished my task. The story she told was a corker:

Altho known as Mary Huggins, she was in reality Mary Williams; a sister to Bud Williams. When she learned of the lynching she was cooking for a white family in New Orleans, but gave up her position and came "up river" for the fixed and sworn purpose of revenge.

It was easy for her to fix upon Colonel Caruthers as the prime instigator of her brother's death; and, because of her superior ability as a cook, comparatively easy to secure a position in the Caruthers' household.

She planned to poison Caruthers, but when the wild pigs were brought on the place a more fiendish plan was evolved. (She said: "More FITTING plan"). In passing to and from the barn on her egg gathering trips she frequently saw Caruthers teasing the pigs. Awaiting a time when there was no one near to effect a rescue, she slipped up behind him, grasped his ankles and pushed him into the pen.

She could have waited until he was dead before giving the alarm, and thus have avoided any chance of discovery, but her long brooding over the torture of her brother made her bitter and she deliberately called the wife and daughter out that they might witness the death agony of the husband and father.

I wrote the confession and she signed it. It was given to the newspapers but none of them published it. Most of them contained only the bare statement that Mary Huggins had confessed. One or two hinted at "some fancied wrong" as the motive.

Caruthers deserved death. In my mind there was no question on that point. I could have shot him with pleasure had a plausible excuse presented itself. I could not but regard Mary Huggins as a sort of God-sent avenging angel—though the form of exe-

cution was just a trifle more horrible than I could have wished. And, I determined to save her if it was in any way possible.

I thought over the matter all night. There seemed very little chance of a reprieve, and none whatever of a commutation of sentence; to say nothing of a pardon. There was just one way: The prisoner must escape.

* * *

In the old days, there was practically no attempt at segregation of sexes in the jails. True, the two sexes were never confined in the same cell together, but they did occupy adjoining cells with nothing but bars between; and, all cells opened into one common corridor.

In this jail where Mary Huggins was confined there was a suite of rooms, directly over the office, which had formerly been used as living rooms by the jailer and his family. When Uncle Bill took charge he moved the jailer out and remodelled these rooms so they could be used for the detention of female prisoners.

It was in one of these rooms that Mary awaited death. Being the only woman in the jail (the practice of employing a jail matron had not yet been introduced) she was practically isolated.

The next several days I put in perfecting my plans—and quietly borrowing small sums of money, until the total amounted to more than sixteen hundred dollars. A sum which I deemed sufficient for my purpose. However, I did not see the Huggins woman again 'til I had every detail worked out. I then visited her several times and had her rehearse the part she was to play.

* * *

Beginning a few days before execution, it is, or was, customary to place a "Death Watch" over condemned prisoners. That is, a guard would be stationed at the door of the death cell, night and day. Because the official "Death Cell" was in the men's ward, Uncle Bill did not place Mary there but permitted her to remain where she was. He did, however, post the death watch.

I applied for, and received, the appointment as night guard on this death watch. When I asked for it, Uncle Bill smiled in a queer sort of way. I am sure now that he suspected my intent and secretly approved it.

The first night of my watch, I smuggled in to Mary Huggins a complete outfit of men's clothing. She spent nearly all night adjusting them to fit, but in the end achieved success. When I looked in, along about five o'clock next morning, it was a rather chunky, and very husky looking negro man that I saw. Before I went off shift she removed the masquerade and hid the garments in her bunk.

On the evening before the execution, the night jailer and I broached a bottle of port wine. I slipped some chloral into his glass, and when I went on guard he was dead to the world.

As soon as all was quiet, Mary passed out every garment and vestige of women's clothing and I took it down and burned it in the jail furnace. After-

wards stirring the ashes good, and kindling a coal fire over them so they would leave no trace.

At exactly 11 P. M. I opened her door and we slipped downstairs, past the drugged jailer and out into the night.

The court house was a two story building surmounted by a clock tower. This tower was ten feet square, and extended above the roof of the building some twenty-five feet. There were four dials six feet in diameter. Attached to the wall, just below the south dial, was the clock machinery. The floor, or bottom of the clock, was at a height so that a person could stand and look through the key holes in the dials and see the street below. These key holes were merely ornamental, and had been closed with black painted boards to keep out pigeons and other birds. The bell stood on a frame in the center of the floor, and could be sounded by pulling a rope from below, as well as by the striker, or hammer, of the clock.

The room was entered by climbing a ladder from a room on the second floor and crawling through a trap door. The janitor used to climb this ladder once each week to wind the clock, but it was pretty hard on his old joints, and he rigged up a sprocket wheel and chain belt so he could do his winding from below. One result of this innovation was that the clock room was not visited, on an average, once a year.

There was no one on duty in the court house from nine thirty P. M. to four A. M. and uninterrupted access was easy for one as well acquainted with the building as I.

In the several nights between the time Mary Huggins made her confession and that of my taking the night shift on the death watch I had been busy provisioning this room. I carried up a quantity of crackers, cheese, sardines, boiled ham, etc. Enough to last a hungry person eight or ten days.

The weather was pretty cold, so I carried up six heavy quilts, four large lanterns and ten gallons of coal oil. (By chinking the cracks with rags or paper and lighting all four lanterns the room could be kept comfortably warm.)

In addition to the above, I carried up two two-gallon jugs of water, a can opener for the sardines, a butcher knife, a box of matches, a tin funnel for filling the lanterns, and an empty candy pail for garbage.

It required a lot of scheming to procure and assemble all these things without attracting attention, but, a judicious use of funds made it possible.

That afternoon I placed in my pockets a pair of old gloves and a pair of wool socks which I had worn for a week. When we reached the lower step to the jail, I caused Mary to slip on the gloves. I then gave her the socks and had her pull them on over her shoes. When she was quite ready, I took her astride my shoulders and carried her across the street, into the court house and up to the ladder leading to the clock.

Sending her up the ladder ahead of me, I gave her a few words of instruction, told her I would

come for her at the end of eight days, closed the trap and hurried back to the jail. By eleven forty-five P. M. I was at my post at the door of the vacant cell.

The sheriff came down at 5 o'clock next morning to prepare for the execution. In the office down stairs he found the night jailer just beginning to recover from the effect of the chloral. Hurrying up stairs, he found me, apparently, in about the same condition as the jailer. The cell door was open and the prisoner gone.

After letting them work over me for a half hour or so, I "revived" 'enough to tell them the last thing I remembered was drinking a glass of port wine with the night jailer. He of course told a similar story.

We were both rather hazy as to where the wine came from, but each expressed the belief that the other had provided it. I looked the jailer straight in the eye and told him that he knew perfectly well where the wine came from, and that I did not provide it.

He was mortally afraid of me, and interpreted that straight look as a threat of bodily harm. So, he admitted ownership of the wine, but said it was some he had procured several weeks before, and, as he patronized ALL the saloons, could not remember where he bought it. Both of us were believed to be officers of sterling integrity and unfailing devotion to duty, so the matter of the drugged wine was dismissed as an unsolvable riddle.

The blood-hounds were brought to the vacant cell and permitted to smell of the sheets and pillow on the bunk. They took up the trail and followed it to the jail steps, but could go no further. No amount of circling could enable them to pick up the trail again.

The country was scoured for miles around for traces of the escaped prisoner. Every negro cabin, and many white homes, were searched. As always happens, many rumors came in to the effect that Mary Huggins had been seen in this, that, or the other locality. Many suspects were arrested in neighboring towns.

* * *

My object in leaving Mary in the clock tower for eight days was to allow time for the hunt to subside. Also, it would give me time to drop out of sight without arousing suspicion.

Three days after the escape, I pretended to receive a letter from mother saying father was very ill and begging me to come home at once. To carry out the deception, I did go home, but stayed only one night.

The next morning, I pledged my sister to secrecy and engaged her assistance. After I had, supposedly, started to catch the morning train, we slipped back and surreptitiously entered a vacant cabin at the lower end of the farm. There, she clipped my hair so short that no one could tell whether it was straight or kinky. Then, with the aid of a pot of home-made walnut stain, she colored my head, face, shoulders and arms a beautiful golden-brown.

So perfect was my disguise that when, a couple of

days later, I stepped off the train and, absentmindedly, entered my favorite restaurant and ordered a meal the proprietor chased me out with a gun. (In the south, negroes are not permitted to enter white restaurants or hotels except as servants or other hired help.)

That night, while the court house clock was proclaiming the hour of twelve, I was creeping up the ladder to Mary Huggins' retreat. At the last stroke of the bell I raised the trap door and peeped in.

Mary was awake of course—a dead person could not remain asleep while that clock was striking—and she made a lunge with the butcher knife that certainly would have done for me had I not quickly withdrawn my head and dropped the trap door. It took quite a while to convince her of my identity.

All four of the lanterns were going and, altho it was bitter cold outside, it was as warm as toast in the clock room. Mary was in high spirit, and so pleased to see me that I had to pretend anger to avoid a scene.

We made two parcels of the bedding and small quantity of remaining provisions, extinguished the lanterns—taking one along—climbed down the ladder and made our way to the outer air.

* * *

When preparing for the jail delivery, I purchased a sixteen foot canoe and hid it in a cane-brake a few yards from the river and about seven miles from town. We reached this boat just at daylight. On our way, Mary told me she had been kept awake so much by the striking of the clock that she felt light headed, or dizzy, so as soon as we got the canoe launched I made her lie down in the bottom, covered her with bedding, pushed off and started down stream.

For four days we traveled down stream before entering the Mississippi. Paddling all day and camping on the bank at night.

We were perfectly safe, for two negroes in a boat is a common enough sight in that country, and I knew every foot of our river and was able to choose secluded spots for camping. Mary slept nearly all the time, with her face covered up; and, I told the few people we met that she was awfully sick and I thought she had smallpox.

She was masquerading as a man, so we had to choose a man's name for her. I thought it no harm to give her the name of an old time colored friend of mine, so I called her "Bill Kidd"—though I usually addressed her as "Kidd" or "Shorty." She took a cue from my color and invariably addressed me as "Mr. Brown."

The trip down the Mississippi consumed three weeks, and was uneventful enough to satisfy the most indolent. We arrived in New Orleans on Christmas Day.

We loafed around there several days before anything turned up to further our plans. But when these plans finally did get furtherance it was in a way as unexpected as it was agreeable.

One day "Shorty" went into a saloon to get a drink. In the course of conversation with the bar-

tender he said his name was "Bill Kidd." A giant negro, with white hair, and a steel hook in the place of his right hand, asked how he came by that name. "Shorty" told some kind of plausible yarn, and the one-handed negro said his name was also "Bill Kidd."

As soon as "Shorty" told me this, we started out to hunt the one-handed "Bill Kidd." Two days later we found him.

He was as pleased to see me as Mary had been that night when I took her away from the clock room—and almost as demonstrative. He had a long tale of adventure to relate, and we passed many hours regaling each other with stories of our exploits.

Kidd said he was second mate on a small Mexican steamer carrying freight between Vera Cruz and New Orleans. When I told him Mary Huggins' story he offered to get her a job as cook on his ship. As the object in coming to New Orleans was to ship Mary out of United States jurisdiction, we accepted his offer.

The ship was sailing next day. So, in the morning I went with them and saw Mary signed on as cook. Still masquerading as a man, and going under the name of "Bill Kidd" NEPHEW OF THE SECOND MATE.

We parted in private. I knew Mary was going to make a scene and I wanted no witnesses to my embarrassment. At the last moment, that black woman—that human tigress—broke down and wept as if her heart would break. She simply raved; said she would kill herself if I did not go along, and a lot more such nonsense.

I gave her five hundred dollars and told her that when she reached Mexico she must stay there, AND NEVER EVEN THINK OF COMING BACK.

It took so long to get rid of that walnut stain, and let my hair grow to a reasonable length, that it was nearly two months before I dared return.

On New Years Day the janitor thought to celebrate by oiling the clock. The evidence of human occupation found in the clock room was the subject of a nine days' wonder. Up to this day, I have never heard anyone guess, even approximately, their true significance.

Along in March I received a letter bearing the Mexico City post mark. It was from Mary Huggins. She was cooking in a hotel and made a specialty of catering to American and other foreign trade.

Even now, after all these years, I receive occasional letters from Mary. And, I often think of going down there some time just to see her and talk over old times. However, her name is not Mary Huggins any more. Neither is it "Bill Kidd" or "Shorty." It is "Mrs. Mary Blanco." She has married Captain Ramon Blanco—a gentleman standing rather high in the Mexican Government.

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**Begin The New Year Right. Subscribe
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Winter in Working Class Families

ASURE sign of approaching winter." No, not some natural phenomenon, but women of Chicago gathering coal and bits of wood for the coming winter spell is that "sure sign."

The cold winter's shadows send a chill thru the hovels of the poor quarters of the city's workers, long, long ahead of the actual signs of the oncoming season. Mothers, remembering their children's comfort, hustle about gathering cinders, coal and bits of wood for kindling to be used when the severe weather makes its entry.

One often wonders how do workers, who work long hours for small pay get along? How do they live and raise families? How does poverty, generally, subsist?

From what we know of workers' lives and living, we know that, what may be termed well paid workers, employed all the time, are either always in debt or very close to it. It is pretty well known, too, that city employes, for instance, are the prey of all kinds of money lending sharks and that their pay envelopes are mortgaged 'way in advance, and so are the others.

Workers who occupy "flats," have families and raise children, always look to the pay envelopes as merely of transient value, more in the nature of a carrier, a messenger to be delivered to the various parties interested in it. If they own homes, it is taxes to meet, interest on first and second mortgages and on money borrowed, for doctor bills, clothes, gifts, etc., to pay. One must present a cheery front, the same as the neighbor. And the neighbor, the same as the first party, except for the few most fortunate, is equally in debt. If no homes are owned, then it is the landlord who gets the bulk of the money earned.

"Always In Debt"

Few workers, higher paid or poorer, are out of debt, that is, the ones who like to live almost like human beings: i.e., have homes, families, electric light, baths, etc., etc. The others who still lead the life of our ancestors, whose wives have coal kitchen stoves and whose tiny little flats are located in obsolete buildings that are relics of ancient history, and who "save" for a rainy day, they too, are on the narrow margin of starvation and debt. One month, no, even one week out of work and stinting, scrimping and borrowing is the rule.

Many is the home that is miserable and on the point of being broken up because the bread winner fails to secure employment in short order. The children must have shoes, gas bills must be met and other obligations attended to.

The high salaried worker is no better off than the cheaper paid employe. The difference between the two is the every day way of living. The one lives better than the other: i.e., on a higher plane. He can borrow more, has prestige and in a pinch, "can do" somebody out of something. That is all. But homes are lost and little flats broken up when

mortgages can't be paid and obligations met. And how these workers do work!

Salesmen of various kinds of merchandise—candy, dry goods, cigars—have the longest work day. Of them it can, more truly, be said than of the proverbial coal miner, that they hardly ever see their children. A salesman who is still selling goods where the writer worked not so long ago, would make his calls to the store as late as 11:30 P.M. Another one would be at the store before it was opened in the morning. Others would come all hours, both day and evening; and many were the tales of woe these workers had to tell, about long hours and poor pay and bad treatment and discrimination. One of them, who owned his own home in a suburb, was obliged to sell it before he would have lost it, to the mortgage holder. It was also a drain on him that he could not stand. After work hours he was obliged to build fires and attend to the furnace in the winter time and do other unheard of things in and around the house in the summer time; after an arduous day of labor.

Doctor Bills, Too

The doctor bill, too, is of no small consequence. The family must be kept small and the child or children have their ills and aches and the physician is a household friend and his "fee" is rather large.

Homes there are that could not possibly exist as homes if it were not for the fact that the grown children work and help keep them. These homes have their struggles, too; for the young folks have their needs and requirements that must be satisfied, but where the household depends largely on the income of one bread winner, the struggle is intense.

So much for the better paid workers. But how do the very low paid workers manage to get along? How can they work for the low pay they receive and keep up families—and they often have quite large families of little children. They live poorly in hovels in the worst parts of the cities and their



A SURE SIGN OF APPROACHING WINTER.

Women living in the vicinity of Wentworth Avenue and 16th Street have begun gathering fuel along railway right of ways in anticipation of an early cold season.

—From Chicago Tribune

children are in tatters. Even at that it would seem as though the pay envelope is not big enough to meet even these meagre requirements. And it isn't. And so the mothers must go out to pick up coal along the railroad tracks, the debris of buildings, a stray limb of a tree or the like in order to make ends meet. Some women, too, go to work and keep the house after work hours. Other mothers, to be sure, take work in at the house, where even the youngest children play a part in helping along with the work in some form or other. Still others go out and do washing or take in washing and so manage to keep the wolf from the door and perhaps lay by a dollar for the no-work period. And thus we see the signs of the approaching winter by the way the women of Chicago, as the example of an industrial city, pick, load and carry their wood on their heads for the winter season.

All on American Soil

To be sure these women are not American women. Their very appearance betrays their origin; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that these women are obliged to gather their fuel where they can, on American soil, while their husbands work for American owners of American industries. And were they to rebel and refuse to do that kind of work it would not be possible for the "foreign" workers to work for the low pay they are doled out. Nor is the low pay characteristic of the foreign worker. The native worker is in no better plight. If his woman does not carry wood in the same fashion as her outlawed sister does she is obliged to do many things in order to help meet expenses. She works, in the house or in the shop, and is often obliged to share her little abode with "boarders." "Keeping" rooming houses is a typical aid to incomes applied by the American wife. No easy life is hers. And it is because of the help she is able to lend financially, that the American worker's home is held together.

Also were they to have a higher standard of living generally, a broader vision, and better requirements. Should they want the comforts of life, not its struggles—and should they seek to better their conditions and the chances of their offspring it would be next to impossible for them to get along on the earnings of their husbands. And it isn't. In every case where the woman resolves to work and have, rather than to stay at home and live on short rations, she very soon discovers that in spite of her two pay checks she is still short of funds when the week end comes around.

Join a Union!

While the workers' wages may be larger now than they ever were, the cost of living is also higher and when the week is ended it is several days later in the race with the pay envelope. Were the women of this country to keep the old time standard of morals, that the women's place is the home, it would be impossible for American men to work for the low wages paid them in this age of "high wages."

And so the workers who do not belong to un-

A Shovel Stiff's Hopes

By DORMAN N. HARRIS

I DO not strive for great renown
Or for glittering jewels or gold,
I would not wear the master's crown
Of present day, or old.

I only want each man's own right
That there'll no slavery be,
And enjoy nature as we might,
When every man is free.

But the industries and sciences,
Yes, those we'll want, why sure,
So look out, hungry tyrants,
Soon you'll be getting poor—

When the workers join the OBU
All throughout the land,
We'll change this society for a new,
Directed by our hand.

To me, oh, that will be a pleasure,
Not for the parasite so sweet—
For work he'll have instead of leisure
If he expects to eat.

I'll show him how to use the spade
And pick the hardened clay,
And earn his keep without our aid
And then I'll say good day.

And go teach some other parasite
This trade I've learned so well,
So bread they'll earn and bed at night,
And the rest can go to h—l.

ions or are afraid of workers' organizations, stint and suffer and get along on the cheapest and poorest of food and clothing, and live in clap trap shambles. Unionism, while not perfect, gives the workers some improvements, that the workers alone as individuals could never achieve. Were all the workers organized as they should be in one Industrial Union, whether they be laborers or salaried workers, their conditions would be immeasurably improved and such things as women carrying loads of fuel on their heads would be unknown.

Let us therefore organize ourselves and reach out for the better things of life and instead of being "meek and humble and satisfied with our lot" let us demand good living, comfort, leisure and the beauties of the creations of science and invention. Let us also imbue the same spirit and outlook in our fellow creatures to the end that they may demand and get all the wealth and art and pleasure that the rich and their tribe are able to enjoy.

J. D. C.

Workers Education: Now or Future

THE Workers' Dreadnought of London, England, a communist organ, is much concerned about workers' education. It wants to know, substantially, if the workers shall be educated for capitalism, or to operate production and distribution under communism?

As this question seems to agitate some of the workers in this country also, it might be well to answer by asking another, namely, how shall the workers who are to be prepared for communism function while waiting for that event to happen? In other words, of what practical importance will such preparation be to the working class?

An Intellectual Minority

The idea that a certain section of the working class may be set aside to take the place of technicians and managers in the days to come is only theoretically possible but otherwise there's nothing to it. These workingmen will know a lot about running industry on paper; but they will be without experience and of no value, except to pose as half-baked intellectuals, to the detriment of the workers generally.

Besides, this idea is born of a misconception as to the mission of the working class movement. This movement is not formed to create managers and technicians, but to organize the entire working class. Managers and technicians are being made by capitalism. And they are being ground down by capitalism; and are beginning to turn against it, as a result. They, too, must be organized as a part of the working class.

Take, for instance, the depression of 1920, when, according to the press, over 5,000 technicians, engineers, etc., were out of employment, with many on the verge of starvation. This incident in their otherwise placid lives opened the eyes of many of them. They became very much discontented, as a result. Another depression, such as is now again appearing on the horizon, will serve to open the eyes of still more of them.

Technicians Alive to Social Defects

In fact, some of the most prominent of American engineers are growing critical of the capitalist system. One of them, Mortimer E. Cooley, president Federated American Engineering Societies and dean of the engineering schools of the University of Michigan, is quoted in a Sept. Industrial Pioneer editorial as saying:

"Unless a new point of view is adopted which will remove the reasons for the growing distrust and suspicion in the ranks of the workers, an uncontrollable situation will result."

Such a situation is coming. Look at Germany, where the technical schools have made intellectual labor a drug on the market and driven the technicians into the ranks of the proletariat. The depression of 1920, already referred to, and the increasing number of situations wanted advertise-



The I.W.W. In Convention Assembled

(Continued from Page 16)

By-laws were revised. Resolutions to move headquarters from New York to Chicago and for higher dues (\$1 and 75 cents) are suggested to take the place of the present 50 cents dues), will be put to a referendum vote. A referendum was also favored on the question as to whether political prisoners accepting conditional clemency should be retained as members.

It was recommended that the Marine Worker be issued in Spanish as well as in English, one paper in Spanish, and one in English. The Secretary-Treasurer of 510 is to act as editor of the Marine Worker.

Four delegates to the General Convention were voted.

The question of international relations loomed large, quite logically, in the marine transport workers' convention. A letter from the RILU urging severance from the IWW and affiliation with that body, was answered by refusing to do the first and pledging co-operation in strikes of all international marine workers' organizations.

It was the opinion of the convention that the MTW could organize the world over, without affiliating with any of the existing marine unions. The creation of districts—French district, etc.—was urged to this end, in place of one general administration, which is held to be too expensive.

The convention favored small sporadic strikes as being more effective than the big ones.

The California boycott is to be put into effect something like the strike on the job. California products are to be discriminated against in every way possible.

The convention also decided to ask the general organization to place all deep-water and coast-wise fishery workers under the head of Marine Transport Workers.

Greetings were extended to all class war prisoners and steps taken to secure their release.

A special resolution took up the case of the Centralia victims. The convention pledged its economic and all other power to secure their release.

520 CONVENTION

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union No. 520, met on November 5th to 10th inclusive. Delegates were present from many western, mid-west and eastern points; all actual railroad men.

The formulation of by-laws and a program of organization occupied much of the convention's time.

Resolutions were adopted recommending that the General Convention of the IWW make changes in the General constitution that will allow of greater autonomy in industrial union activities.

Delegates were also elected to the General Convention.

Judging from the above salient points that have

been referred to it, the IWW General Convention will be an exceptionally interesting one—a landmark in the development of the organization.

The General Convention is in its preliminary sessions as The Pioneer goes to press. More about it next month.



LABOR BANKS

There are 15 "labor" banks in this country. They were all founded between May 15, 1920, and October 15, 1923. Their resources are estimated at about \$44,000,000. In addition, one-third of a \$45,000,000 trust company in New York has been acquired by the Locomotive Engineers' Bank, and two-fifths of a \$15,000,000 bank in Washington has been bought by the Machinists' Union. Further, the United Mine Workers will open a new \$1,000,000 bank in Indianapolis soon.

Geo. Hinman, financial writer for the Hearst papers, say of the "labor" bank: "It is not radical; it is not revolutionary. It is simply business-like—as business-like as it is for employers or so-called capitalists to put their dollars to work." Another writer, David J. Saposs, calls it "trade-union capitalism."



Lloyd George contends that a war still more hideous than the last one is impending in Europe. This means another world-war that can only be prevented by the world's workers, regardless of race, color, creed or sex. Nationalism, whether Russian or American, must give way to internationalism, if the workers are to be aught else than victims of slaughter.



In 1920, the American Federation of Labor had a membership of 4,078,740. The membership in 1923, as reported by the executive council to the Portland convention, is 2,986,468. This represents a loss of 1,092,272 members in three years.



The Workers' Party, the latest political manifestation of communism in this country, claims a membership of 20,000. About 1,500 of these are English-speaking; the remainder are divided into language federations. There are about one-half the number of organized communists today as compared with 1919.



NEXT MONTH!

NEXT MONTH!

SCANDINAVIA AND ITS LABOR MOVEMENT

By C. G. Andersen, Stockholm, Sweden

As Pioneer Readers See Things

The Significance of the Modern City

FELLOW WORKER Geo. Williams in July and August Industrial Pioneer, "The Significance of the Modern City," invents a strange, and to say the least, brand new Political Economy. All work done in big cities is distribution, all work done outside of big cities is production. This classification was necessary in order to prove that the Bolsheviks could not organize distribution but production was O. K.

If I remember aright the first distress of the Russian revolutionists was lack of coal in Moscow and other places, because of flooding the Donetz coal mines; destruction of boilers and other mine equipment by the white guards. Second, after seven years of war the railroads, according to all reports, were a pile of junk scattered throughout all Russia.

And, most sensational of all, the crop failure in the Volga valley. Now all this is production and not distribution, according to Fellow Worker William's article.

But from different sources we gather that production in cities and big factories fell enormously under the workers' management, due in part at least, to inefficient management or lack of it. Possessing all the shooting irons, distribution did not bother the Bolsheviks at all, not till there was danger of having nothing more to distribute, did the now famous economic retreat began.

If Fellow Worker Williams had left the Russian Revolution alone and devoted his article to the facts and conditions at home his article would be the more significant, because it deals with facts not often dealt with in our publications, namely, the management of enormous industrial establishments of the cities, and their relations to basic industries of the country. After enumerating the importance of the city, he goes on to say that our numerical strength in cities is insignificant compared with the rural localities, especially of the West. He says, "There is a cause for it and whatever the cause it is one that certainly needs close study and adjustment of not only the city condition to our organization but of the IWW to the city."

Hopeless Cases Redeemed

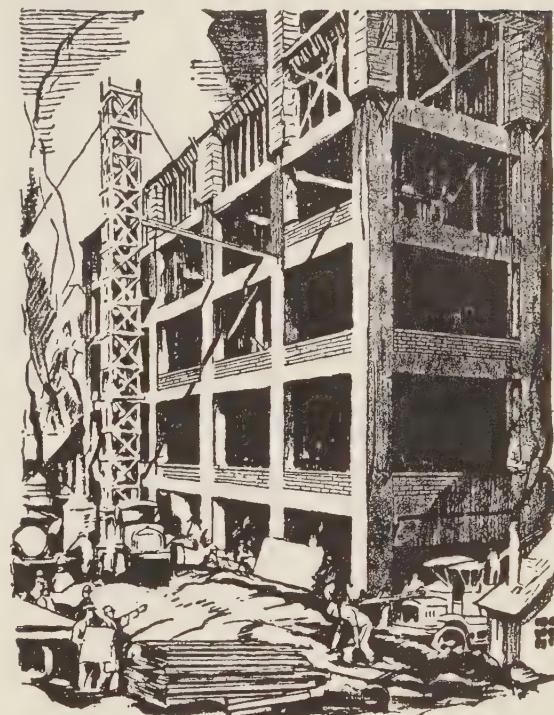
In order to attempt to contribute to the solution of the question I will confine myself to certain facts in the history of the IWW.

Up to October, 1916, the lumberjacks of the Spokane district were considered the hopeless scissorbills. This applied to all migratory workers.

Many a winter up to that date we were paying the secretary of combined Spokane locals a weekly salary of about twelve dollars a week, not to say anything of hall rent, and the combined membership often fell below fifty.

Why the big change from the winter of 1916-17 up to now?

The change first took place in the methods of doing business within the IWW and the jacks rolled



BUILDING UP-TO-DATE CITY

in and stuck, as you all are familiar. Prior to this date our activities were those of a debating society of half a dozen political politicians, bawling out the bulls, salvation army, the scissorbills, the preachers, etc. That the organization presupposed work done in a certain definite way never entered our heads, and the results were that the workers felt that we were a hopeless bunch of spittoon philosophers.

In theory we were non-political but in practice we were trying to transact our business on parliamentary lines with the most disastrous result. No organization, no industry, can be run on parliamentary law, because parliamentary law is the way to talk when there is a crowd, while organization or industry is a mass of work done in accordance with its nature.

In 1913 the IWW hall in Spokane needed a box for coal, so the question was brought up at a business meeting. From 8 till 12 p. m. we argued whether to buy a box or borrow or make one. When I left the hall this was what came to my mind, "How in the devil can this bunch manage logging, sawmills, farming, railways, etc."? Well, I quit paying dues for two years.

A Revolution

The old AWO—400—introduced entirely new methods of carrying on the work of the organization, namely, the delegate system. Needless to say under new methods we started to grow so fast that

we scared the bourgeoisie stiff; hence persecution.

If the ordinary working man listens to us wrangle, often over nothing, at our business meetings and then goes out in a big city like Chicago, this must come to his mind: "If this bunch thinks that they can run this gigantic outfit on political parliamentary lines they are bugs."

The Wobblies of the West during persecution developed methods of doing business peculiarly suited to them. Now from all reports those methods, ways and means are not succeeding in the industrial manufacturing East. Even the sawmills out West are not very strong. Experiments by branches, delegates, members in industrial centers, constructive criticism, and discussion, and special propaganda in the press may perhaps devise methods and means that will be successful in the big eastern manufacturing centers. Russian Revolution teaches us that committees elected and controlled by parliamentary methods falsely called "democratizing," cannot run industry (too many cooks spoil the soup). Debating societies can only talk, split themselves into factions and ultimately ruin anything. The study of how the boss manages industry and different organizations is our only solution. If every worker from accountants and bookkeepers to the sweepers, does the work as it ought to be done, the boss is a useless parasite—his primary function is to "can" the ones that do not fit, for one reason or another.

It has often been said that the general principles underlying the management of one industry are in general the same in all industries. If we learn to manage, control and transact business in general efficiently in our present IU the management of industries after we get them will be easy pickin's.

Reno, Nevada.

JOHN CRABAPPLE

FORD AS HIS WORKERS SEE HIM

IN your October issue, Geo. Williams, in his article, "Henry Ford, A Peculiar Entity," makes the statement near the close that, "There remains yet to come from an employe of the Ford plants a criticism of the working conditions."

I don't want him to feel that he can ever again say anything like that truthfully.

Perhaps I had best explain that I have been an employe of the Ford Motor Co. six months at an assembly plant where I am at present.

Curiosity and a purpose brought me here. Purpose holds me here in spite of the fact that I have had to endure more brutality, both ignorant and refined, than I ever thought I could endure under any circumstances.

My purpose in coming here was to find out why Ford has no labor troubles and in what manner could Ford employes be converted to the One Big Union ideas.

Of one thing I feel certain. Owing to the superlative Ford spy system, and the mental condition of the employes caused by it, ordinary IWW organ-

ization methods would be the height of folly. At best it would have to be slow underground work, or so it now seems to me.

The price the Ford laborer pays for his \$6.00 per day is the sacrifice of his manhood, likewise literally speaking, Ford's labor is the cheapest that I know of.

I sincerely hope Mr. Williams can conscientiously recognize this as a criticism and if he so desires I will give him any "Ford news" that I can. However, I must ask that you keep my name out of print, if I am to be of any value (in this unorganized field) for Industrial Unionism.

Trusting that I may be of some use in some way, I am, yours very truly.



CRITICISM OF RUSSIA

ON page 44 of the October Industrial Pioneer, we find the opinion expressed that Russia is becoming capitalistic.

I call the attention of the critic to the fact that the division of humanity into masters and slaves is unnatural, for all of us have equal needs and equal faculties; and that something wrong must be the cause of that anomaly; and that this cause is the stupidity of the ruled class, a disease produced by military obedience and developed by religion and servitude. The only way to eliminate that condition is to develop the people's intelligence.

Karl Marx and the writer of the criticism say that capitalism shows to the workers the injustice of that condition, and indeed it does. But what it doesn't show is how to do without masters.

So we see the people revolt, itself without cohesion or clear aim; and the instruments of capitalism crush and massacre it, to subdue it by terror; which still more stupifies the workers. It follows then that the only way to get out of slavery is through the door of instruction.

Now everybody knows that Soviet Russia is using its utmost efforts to rapidly educate the people, as every one must believe; otherwise that social system could not last long.

But the critic says that Russia is going back to capitalism because of the concessions. But, these concessions, which are only granted for a limited time, are a valuable source of revenue. It is also true that the co-operative societies are increasing there, every day. The more they develop the less hired workers capitalists will find there.

Ten years from now will be the fifteenth year of the Soviet Republic. By that time, the intellectual revolution in Russia will be completed; and due to this fact, all the workers will have joined the co-operative societies. What will capitalism do there, then?

Providence, R. I.

JOSE M. CUNHA.

(NOTE—Readers are advised to re-read articles criticised. It is a good habit, when reading, to check up statements made.—Editor.)

The Last Letters of Joe Hill

I NOTICE that the Pioneer is going to publish a sketch of the life of Joe Hill in the November issue, so thought you might be able to use some of the letters I have and which were written by him while he was under sentence of death. These letters, to a great extent, show that peculiar spirit which enabled Joe to bear up so well under the enormous strain, while all the forces of both sides of the struggle were being marshaled—one to take his life, the other to save him.

I had been with Joe in Lower California, but had seen nothing of him and heard little, as I had been spending my time in an out-of-the-way place till August, 1914, when I arrived in Frisco and received the latest news relative to his case from a fellow worker who had just left Salt Lake.

If you could get a little poem he wrote a little while before he was shot, entitled "The Bronko Buster," and inspired by a picture of "Buster" Flynn on a pony sent to him by Gurley Flynn, it will shed some light on the love Joe always had for freedom and the untamable spirit that refuses to surrender it.

The cartoon I am enclosing was sent with the first letter I am sending.

SAM MURRAY, SU-410.

Oakland, California.

I

Salt Lake City, Sept. 15, 1914.

Dear Friend and Fellow Worker:

Yours of Sept 9 at hand. Glad to hear that you are still alive and kicking and back on the firing line again.

So, you tried to imitate Knowles, the Nature Freak, and live the simple life. It might be all right for a little while, as you say, but I am afraid a fellow would get "simple" of getting too much of the simple life.

Well, I guess the wholesale butchery going on in Europe is putting the kibosh on everything, even the organization work, to some extent. As a rule, a fellow don't bother his head much about unions and theories of the class struggle when his belly is flapping up against his spine. Getting the wrinkles out is then the main issue and everything else, side issues. That's human nature or animal instinct rather, and any amount of soapboxing will not change it. The man who coined the phrase "War is hell" certainly knew what he was talking about. Well, Sam, old boy, I guess Van has told you everything about my case and I think he knows more about it than I do, because he has been around here and on the outside. I am feeling well under the circumstances and I am fortunate enough to have the ability to entertain myself and to look at everything from the bright side. So there is nothing you could do for me, Sam. I know you would if you could.

Well, with best wishes to the bunch in Frisco, I remain, Yours for the OBU.—Joe Hill.



HOW THE MEMORY DOTH LINGER.

A RECOLLECTION—Sam Murray as a Mexican Revolutionist, Drawn by Joe Hill.

P. S. Is Jack Mosby in Washington yet or did he leave?

II

Salt Lake City, Dec. 2, 1914.

Dear Friend and Fellow Worker:

Received your letter and should have answered before, but have been busy working on some musical composition and whenever I get an "inspiration" I can't quit until it's finished.

I am glad to hear that you manage to make both ends meet, in spite of the industrial deal, but there is no use being pessimistic in this gloriobus land of plenty. Self preservation is, or should be, the first law of nature. The animals, when in a natural state, are showing us the way. When they are hungry they will always try to get something to eat or else they will die in the attempt. That's natural; to starve to death is unnatural.

No, I have not heard that song about "Tipperary" but if you send it as you said you would I might try to dope something out about that Frisco Fair. I am not familiar with the actual conditions of Frisco at present; and when I make a song I always try to picture things as they really are. Of course a little pepper and salt is allowed in order to bring out the facts more clearly.

If you send me that sheet music and give me some of the peculiarities and ridiculous points about the conditions in general on or about the fair ground, I'll try to do the best I can. Yours for the OBU.—Joe Hill.

III
Salt Lake City, Feb. 13, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker:

Should have answered your letter before, but have been busy working on a song named "The Rebel Girl" (Words and Music), which I hope will help to line up the women workers in the OBU, and I hope you will excuse me.

I see you made a big thing out of that Tipperary song. (We had secured nearly 50 dollars by selling it for 5 cents for the Joe Hill Defense.—S. M.) In fact, a whole lot more than I ever expected, I don't suppose that it would sell very well outside of Frisco, though by the way I got a letter from Swasey in NY and he told me that "Casey Jones" made quite a hit in London and "Casey Jones," he was an Angelino you know, and I never expected that he would leave Los Angeles at all.

The other day we got ten bucks from a company of soldiers stationed on the Mexican line. How is that old top? Maybe they are remembering some of the cigars in glass bottles that they smoked at the expense of the "Tierra e Libertad" bunch.

Don't know much about my case. The Sup. Court will "sit on" it sometime in the sweet bye and bye and that's all I know about it.

Give my best to the bunch.—Joe Hill.

IV.

County Jail, S. L. City, Mar. 22, 1915

Sam Murray, Napa, Cal.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours of March 13th at hand. I note that you have gone "back to nature" again and I must confess that it is making me a little homesick when you mention that "little cabin in the hills" stuff. You can talk about your dances, picnics and blow outs, and it won't affect me, but the "little cabin" stuff always gets my goat. That's the only life I know.

Yes, that Tipperary song is spreading like the smallpox they say. Sec. 69 tells me that there is a steady stream of silver from 'Frisco on account of it. The unemployed all over the country have adopted it as a marching song in their parades, and in New York City they changed it to some extent, so as to fit the brand of soup dished out in N. Y. They are doing great work in N. Y. this year. The unemployed have been organized and have big meetings every night. Gurly Flynn, Geo. Swasey (the human phonograph) and other live ones are there, and Gurley F. tells me things are looking favorable for the OBU. The hearing of my case has been postponed they say, and they are trying to make me believe that it is for my benefit, but I'll tell you that it is damn hard for me to see where the benefit comes in at; damn hard.

Well, I have about a dozen letters to answer, Yours as ever,

JOE HILL.

V.

S. L. Cy., June 6, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Your welcome letter received, and am glad to note that you are still

sticking to your "little cabin in the hills." I would like to get a little of that close to nature stuff myself for a couple of months in order to regain a little vitality, and a little flesh on my rotting bones. My case was argued on the 28th of May, and according to Judge Hilton, the results were satisfactory. He says he is sure of securing a reversal, and if so, there hardly will be another trial, for the simple reason that there won't be anything to try, if I can get a lawyer that will **defend** me.

With best wishes to all the rebels, Yours for the OBU,

JOE HILL.

P. S. I've just found out that the Superior Court judges are getting ready to go on their vacation until next fall, so I guess there won't be anything decided on my case for some time. But "everything comes to him who waits" they say, and that's the only consolation I got now.—JOE.

VI.

Utah State Prison, Aug. 12, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours of August 5th at hand, and as you see I have been moved to the state prison. The appeal was denied and I was up in court the other day and sentenced to be shot on the first day of October. We were all very much surprised at the decision, because we thought that I would be granted a new trial anyway. But as Judge Hilton says "the records of the lower court are so rotten they had to be covered somehow." I guess you can draw your conclusions from that statement. I wanted to drop the case right there and then, but from reports received from all parts of the country, I think that the case will be carried to the U. S. Supreme Court. I didn't think I'd be worth any more money. You know human life is kind of cheap this year anyway—but I guess the organization thinks otherwise and majority rule goes with me.

Well, I don't know anything new and hoping that you are successful in snaring the elusive doughnut, I remain, Yours for the OBU,

JOE HILL.

VII.

Utah State Prison, Sept. 9, 1915.

Sam Murray,
Frisco, California.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Yours received O. K. Glad to hear that things are picking up. I see that you are employed at making bait for the German "sharks." Well, war certainly shows up the capitalist system in the right light. Millions of men are employed at making ships and others are hired to sink them. Scientific management, eh, wot?

As far as I can see, it doesn't make much difference which side wins, but I hope that **one side will win**, because a draw would only mean another war in a year or two. All these silly priests and old maid sewing circles that are moaning about peace at this time should be locked up in the crazy house as a menace to society. The war is the finest training school for rebels in the world and for

(Continued on Page 56)

War and Christmas — “Murder Will Out.”

By ROBERT GRAYSON

PERHAPS not too vigorous a voice need be raised in calling on memory in a matter of again unveiling the tragic and brutal pictures of war propaganda. However, that may be, on various sides we hear voices of old men—as cries of repentance—telling the general “booboisie,” or our alleged mass moron population, that not all the tales of German atrocities were true. This is a safe distance at which to discount such calumnies, and especially without hazard to its announcer if he chances to be a “statesman.” So Francisco Nitti, formerly Italian premier, sets forth a very interesting indictment of all the European allies against Germany, in the Hearst newspapers for the 28th of October. His thoughts are worth reading for themselves, and in the light of our own victims of the Espionage Act carry added interest.

Mr. Nitti is no longer premier. He is getting old and nears the tomb with a wail of despair on his lips, withal consonant to Europe's actual situation, declaring that “Among the nations of continental Europe a moral code of robbery and murder prevails.” And with respect to stories rife for so long in a British-propagandized America about Germany springing on Europe's throat he says (which is important merely because it is a confession of guilt and not a revelation) that “responsibility for the world conflict cannot be laid exclusively at the door of Germany and Austria-Hungary.” While impeaching France and reprobating Italy he is careful not to include Britain or America. One must have some support.

The most important paragraph of his article is summed up in this naive statement: “During the war we proclaimed that Germany and her allies were alone guilty, and that Germany was guilty of unbelievable outrages. Our excuse is that when a nation is at war fighting for its life, any means that kindles and increases resistance seems justified. I myself, in order to exalt the spirit of the Italians, have said and written that the responsibility of the war belonged to Germany.

“In war only one thing is necessary—to conquer. While the struggle is going on only one thing is necessary—victory. The enemy must be made as black as possible, inhuman in cruelty, wholly evil in purpose. But when the war is ended and danger over, truth should return.”

Worth Memorizing

That is worth memorizing, or at least remembering substantially. Because not many years shall pass without another war, one of such terrific proportions as to overshadow the huge bestiality of the recent one, which, by the way, seems to be continuing in the Ruhr. When once again our masters, the arbiters of human existence, who possess us because they own the economic machinery and can decree almost without protest that millions of Americans shall go into trenches to butcher workers of other countries; I repeat that when once again this



PROFIT ABOVE HUMANITY

economic oligarchy finds it to the advantage of an expansion policy to declare another war, press, pulpit and school will blaze with lies about the atrocities of the opponent, and these good Christian ladies and gentlemen will feel justified for reasons quoted above! Then heretofore calm, almost stolid, and always stupid workers will recoil at the horror of “foreigners” with so little humanity as to cut off hands or feet of little babies, to unsex men and to rip wombs out of women, and so on ad damnum.

Once again as national monomania of war whirls its foul mental fogs, and ingenious tales of the adversary's brutality cry out on every corner, in each alley, from so-called newspapers, conveniently purchased outright for the occasion, from altars ostensibly dedicated to him who died for preaching the Brotherhood of Man, from the schools that forever exalt war's alleged glamour, when all this degradation constitutes the pabulum of our masses, there will be some cries of protest, some clear voices “crying in the wilderness” and patriotism's glorious duty will again be exhibited in stifling these cries, jailing the men and women who dare to see the truth “out of season,” or lynching them without hesitation.

A Moral Collapse

Ex-premier Nitti and others of high station in a bourgeois world can see what they regard as a total moral collapse and an economic failure so far-reaching that it means no more or less, to their minds, than “the collapse of European civilization.” The mighty are dying, their financial thrones creak dismally on slender, swaying sticks. So the heart crying out for past glory is a heart almost bled white. They want the “good, old days.” Their hearts are

not winepresses that but crush the fruits of experience to flow forth at length a seasoned wine of wisdom and of the joy of living. No, these old men despair. Not only is their race almost run, but the power that was hereditary in masters is, too, nearing its last grave. Yet what should these great ones expect? Diurnal things may well melt into the past with skies glorified by beautiful sunsets, but can the long travail of human slavery, born in agony, matured in sweat and blood and tears, blissfully pass along as a being finding some sweet Nirvana?

I think not, and you have only to see this violence all around us together with the confessions of capitalistic incompetency that daily grow more numerous, to realize that the regime is sick unto death. If there is no hope for its recovery it behooves us to make haste, for life's strands are complex at best, and must be disentangled by intelligence. The germ of such intelligence is small, but it has power to grow, indeed must grow and arrange the affairs of mankind. There is no hope except that which is conceived of industrial freedom. Soft hands cannot always hold the reins, and purrings of aristocracy cannot guide humanity to any advance. It is for rough hands and strong tongues to remould and guide society by causing its elements to pour through channels of industrial democracy—all to work and all to eat.

The New Philosophy

All those who want the establishment of social justice, which is only attainable by inaugurating an industrial system that is sane and that does not rest on a foundation of mass servitude to privileged minorities, expect rulers to take umbrage at this new philosophy. To feel their wrath is part of the day's work, evidenced by the attitude of our rebels in prisons, yet inexplicable to all who do not feel the tireless driving force that animates evangelists of any kind. Most of the men and women who went to jail for being outspoken in this rallying of workers around the red standard of their economic deliverance had no wish to be martyrs, for such a desire is not normal. But they did not falter, they were consistent and they suffered. It is the story of man's advance throughout all ages, and that mankind did advance, over the bodies it destroyed only to venerate later, has caused it to be truly said: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church."

We owe them our support, we owe it to ourselves and to our class. Humanity, with capitalism's end, will know no death. But the might of our proletarian solidarity it must experience a real, thorough-going renaissance designed so that no man can live on his brother's labor, that there shall be no mansions, jewels, learnings and abundance of every material kind for any arrogant class of idlers and wasters, while the masses break their backs in excessive drudgery, existing in poverty and ignorance. Therefore, stand up for yourself and your class, it will inherit the earth. Refuse to be reduced by bourgeois propaganda to the common denominator of a fool. "To be or not to be" perplexed Hamlet,

just as it apparently distresses certain bourgeois encumbrances of the earth, but the virile, surging, singing workers whose youth is endless in their class, pressing on and up, with all of evolution's truths favoring their future and refusing to remain mute domesticated work-beasts feel an exultant cry of positive life and freedom and happiness in the deathless will "To be!"

JOE HILL'S LETTERS

(Continued from Page 54)

anti-militarists as well, and I hope that all the S. S. bills in the country will go over there.

Well, Sam, I don't know anything about my case. My attorneys told me to leave it all to them, and that makes it pretty soft for me to have someone else do the worrying for me.

I believe your good work on the coast is being felt at this end of the line, though.

With best wishes I am as ever yours,

JOE HILL.

VIII.

(When the following was written, Joe expected to be shot within twenty-four hours, and all of us had given up hope. However, he later received a respite of something over a month, thus being forced to go over the strain of the last day on earth again.)

Utah State Prison, Sept. 30, 1915.
Sam Murray, 3345 17th St.,
Frisco, Calif.

Friend and Fellow Worker: Well, Sam, I received your letter, but you shouldn't feel so sentimental about it. This dying business is not quite so bad as it is cracked up to be. I have always said "a new trial or die trying," and I'll show that I meant it. I was moved to another cell last night and have an armed guard in front of my cell. I was also given a swell feed for the first time in God knows how long, and that is one of the surest signs.

Well, Sam, you and me had a little pleasure at one time that few rebels have had the privilege of having, and I guess I've had my share of the fun after all. Now, just forget me, and say goodbye to the bunch.

Yours for the OBU,

JOE HILL.

P. S. Sent a letter to Caroline.

This was the last letter I got direct from Joe Hill. But we kept up the fight; telegraphed to the unions of Sweden, the Swedish Minister at Washington, who sent President Wilson a letter; who also wired the Governor of Utah, but to no avail, and the night before the execution finally took place we received together with some of the other organizations throughout the country, his famous farewell wire: "Goodbye, Forget me. Don't mourn, Organize." which we immediately answered, but which, as near as we could learn, he never received.

A Worker's Wanderings from Italy to South America

By JOHN ASHBURN

IT is just about a year, that, disgusted with the rioting of the Fascist mobs in Italy, I decided to leave that country, as so many Italian Socialists and Radicals were forced to do. Although I was an alien in Italy and I worked peacefully, restricting myself to viewing the development of the political and economic situation, I was not safe with these bandits, who killed and tortured anyone, who had another opinion than theirs.

Once I got a copy of "Industrial Solidarity," in which paper I narrated something about the growing movements of the Fascists and their sainted leader, Mussolini; whom I marked as a corrupted politician, because he was financially backed by big industry. Accidentally a "blackshirt," knowing the English language took the newspaper out of my pocket in my working place and read this item signed with my name. This is a risky thing and so much the more, if you dare to write about the "Duke," as Mussolini's followers call him.

We had some quarrel and I avoided thru some trick to be beaten or forced to drink castor oil or shot down like a laborer, who was bold enough to read on a street corner the innocent "La Giustizia" (Justice), a reformist Socialist paper. A blackshirt passed by and asking him for what reason he reads the aforementioned newspaper and getting no answer from this intimidated worker except a whisper, the blackshirt shot down the unarmed workingman. Under such circumstances I did not feel quite at my ease and I determined, on departing from Milan, to go via Venice through Germany to Buenos Aires.

A Fond Reminder

I took the night train from Milan to Venice bidding farewell to all fellow workers and comrades having to remain at their posts. As the train moved out on the Lombardian plain, illuminated by the emerging moon, I was reminded of Italy of two years ago, on the verge of social revolution. Malatesta, the great old leader, arrived in the harbor of Genoa from England, where he was exiled during many years, saluted by the steamship's whistles and then came the occupation of factories by the whole working class; the climax of this great historical revolutionary movement equaling in significance the Russian revolution.

All these Italian workers were full of idealism, which seems to be a gift of nature of this southern nation, that I did not encounter either in Germany or even in Russia. The movement declined steadily, due to the fact, that the Socialist and Confederation of Labor leaders betrayed the working class, step by step.

Italy Amid Civil War

At the present time Italy is doomed to Mussolini's tyranny, worse than Germany during Bismarck's Socialist law

In the train one could see that Italy is amid civil

war. In the corridor of the car there are written the diverse slogans like: "Down with the Fascists!" "Down with the rascals!" "Long live Malatesta!" "Long live Lenin!" The latter is the only one of the Russian leaders, who is appreciated by the Italian workers. Others are never mentioned. The Italian railroad workers are the most severe enemy of the fascism and the foremost vanguard of the Italian radical, unpolitical Socialism, leaning toward IWW theories. These workers are not organized under the Confederation of Labor but they have a separate organization of their own adhered to the syndicalist confederation.

The train rushed through the fertile plains eastwards; I glanced at the last spurs of the Alps lying in the north. We had a little delay at the station of the university town Padua, on account of the turbulence of a Fascist squadron wanting to get into the train. They sang: "Giovinezza, giovinezza, primavera di bellezza . . ." whereupon the personnel of the train replied with: "Avanti popolo a la risossa . . ." ("Forward, folk") to uproar.. accompanied by the sounds of some shots.

Finally the train drove out of the station. The mountains disappeared more and more from the horizon and a seabreeze began to blow and a wonderful sunrise was visible. The train left the peninsula and ran about 15 miles upon a stone bridge amidst short yellow waves of the Adriatic sea to the artificial island on which the medieval city of Venice is situated. Venice is built up thoroughly on piles driven in the low ground of the Adriatic sea, but in a few centuries this town will be no more an island of lake-dwellings, because the coast of the Italian peninsula is slowly moving out towards the sea.

Entering Venice

At 6 o'clock in the morning I entered Venice. Few people were on the streets. Each step on the big stone flags sounded and echoed solemnly. I asked a Venetian fellow for the best way to Palazzo San Marco and he responded with a very soft pronunciation in the Italian language, interwoven with some words of the Venetian dialect. Thus I took a "gondola" and drove along the Grand Canal. On both sides one can see "i palazzi" of the middle ages. The steps of these buildings are washed by the water and sometimes it runs even into the hall. A part of these old castles are abandoned and birds are the only inhabitants of the forgotten and sleeping houses, where once upon a time a gorgeous splendor and luxury displayed their might. After half an hour's gondola ride I went ashore on Piazza di San Marco, the center of the town. I also found here a solemn calmness, which lasted during the whole day, although it was not a festival day but a work-day. Venice seemed to me like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the well known fairy tale. She lives on the money brought in by foreigners.

Piazza San Marco, a large square, is surrounded by colonades and porticos. I saw the never missed feeding of the San Marco's doves.

Then I went into the Duke's palace, the so-called "palazzo del Doge," in which are sheltered galleries of pictures representing fine art such as we do not any more produce in our century of capitalistic industrialism. The guide led me to the prisons, in which suffered the revolutionists against this aristocratic republic that lived at that time as a parasite and sponger upon the diverse countries of Europe and the near Orient, as today Miami, Fla., or Los Angeles, Cal., are doing upon the toiling industrial centers and agricultural plains of North America; or as Monte Carlo is doing upon Europe and the casino near Montevideo, Uruguay, upon the South American continent. Indeed, it made some impressions on me seeing the small cells without a window, real tombs. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, the bed—all that is of cold stone. I entered each cell with some palpitation and as I felt the smell of mouldiness, it was like the wind of past ages.

I took the through train to Vienna the next morning. In the compartment I made the acquaintance of two young Boers from Transvaal, South African Union, who were travelling to the University of Vienna. I conversed with them upon the ranch upheaval and they told me that the IWW theories are getting a foothold in the Union on account of the general discontent reigning throughout the African continent since the war-end.

In the Steerage

Finally I arrived at Hamburg. I travelled as steerage passenger. The majority of these emigrants were German emigrants, most of them industrial workers, who went to either agricultural Argentine or Brazil. As I went to the pier I could make philosophical considerations. There were two vessels, one starting to South America, the other to North America. On the gangway of the former you could see underfed proletarians, disgusted with the old continent and having before them an unknown future. They have no relatives in the far, southern world and they are real pioneers destined to go into unpopulated areas, like the Pampas, Patagonia or Andean regions. On the gangway of the latter you could see well-dressed passengers, who know where to go; namely, to a more developed continent than they leave.

We departed at five o'clock. The relatives on the pier beckoned to their husbands, sons, sisters, brothers, daughters, etc., hoping they will become rich; but how many are going to go under, as I saw, they do not consider.

NOT HIM

Shop Foreman.—"You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as knock-off blows, are you?"

Lily White.—"Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle goes."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

Our Business Corner

WE are not mourning. We say with Joe Hill, "Organize," and organize the proper way.

We have a splendid report to make. The Pioneer has just passed its 8th month Birthday, or eight months since the work on the Pioneer was actually begun.

Our record as an IWW educational and popular magazine is already established and that is no boast.

Our financial record is also fine. Beginning in May, with no funds at all, excepting what the General Office advanced, and with some comparatively small contributions from outside, we have been able not only to pay our expenses and our debts to the General Office; but also, show a surplus of \$143.09. Now, that is not bad.

However, we'll not stop here. Improvements must be made. We must spread out. We must reach the workers of this country and abroad with the message of Industrial Unionism. To that end, further funds are necessary and further investments.

Our first step in that direction is the special Christmas Amnesty issue to be out about the 25th of November. This Special Amnesty number, as will be seen, consists of 64 pages excellent material and splendid cartoons and pictures. Our regular issue is 48 pages

Fellow Workers who are interested in the Christmas Amnesty Drive for the release of the boys in jail, should get busy and send in an order for the December issue. Do it now.

If you are getting an order, you should double that order or multiply it. And those who are not on our mailing list, can send in the order with cash in advance or thru their respective unions, and these, even as small an order as for five, will be filled at once, and forwarded as soon as the magazine is off the press. Extra copies will be supplied as long as there are any left.

Send in subscriptions; names for sample copies; names and addresses of news stands and other dealers anywhere. Send in for a subscription book.

You know the importance of the press to the capitalist, it is equally as important to us. Spread our press, all of it.

The Industrial Pioneer for December will be especially good for that purpose.

Get readers, this is the thing. A reader is a friend any way, if nothing else.

You secure the reader and the Industrial Pioneer will break down his prejudices against the IWW, even if it has grown thick with moss.

The Industrial Pioneer is ploughing new ground and its short existance will show that the plow is not of the old-fashioned kind, but of the latest model, modern type.

In boosting the Pioneer of December you will accomplish a threefold task, viz.: help boost the Christmas Amnesty drive; increase the circulation of your press and prepare the way for an increased membership. Let's go!

Gompers and Deportation

By FORREST EDWARDS

THE present immigration act, which limits the number of immigrants to be admitted to the United States from each of the foreign countries, becomes inoperative in 1924.

This law was passed when the capitalists of this country were in the clutch of a fear that a great influx of immigrants from war-torn Europe would bring with them "social" ideas which would make them dangerous and undesirable. Moreover, the industries which were turned from peace production to the manufacture of war material would again assume the old character, with decreased working forces and at a slackened pace, compared with the feverishness of war time. Also, those industries which serve equally the purpose of war and peace, which had been running at their utmost capacity to supply our large military force for a longer period than proved necessary, would reduce the production, and this would also automatically reduce the working force. A dangerous army of unemployed would thus be formed.

In addition, there was a military force of approximately four of the five million under arms to be demobilized and made available as civilians to assist in supplying the human needs of industry. Manifestly under such circumstances the capitalists felt safe in setting up bars against foreign labor.

There was persecution in this "patriotism," too, for if an unrestricted volume of immigration had been allowed entrance into the United States, when the immigrants arrived and competed with the veterans, the Europeans would get the jobs and the hollowness of the capitalists' pretended patriotism have been shown up.

Open Shop Success

The open shop drive scored such success as proved the capitalist calculation about labor power had been sound. But the industrial boom which created a demand for labor during the past year or so, has proved that the national labor supply was not of such proportions as to enable the capitalists to have their own way to the extent that they desired and to which they had grown accustomed.

As a consequence we find their agents in Washington trying to influence congress to lift the ban higher, and their newspaper mouthpieces throughout the country are shouting about the hardships that the "labor shortage" was imposing upon "our" manufacturers.

A controversy arose as to whether the restrictions upon immigration should be relaxed, made more stringent, or removed entirely. Each contention had its supporters. Of course, Labor, through its "accredited representatives," had to contribute its share to the discussion. Sam Gompers was its spokesman.

Mr. Gompers insists that unrestricted immigration would work hardships and visit injustice upon

the working class of the United States. Therefore, he stands for such restrictions as would do justice to the oppressed of other countries but would not imperil the standards of the American workers and threaten the institutions of the United States. He suggests that intelligent immigrants would help, rather than hinder the country. He would gauge the intelligence of the would-be immigrants by a literacy test. There are many capitalists of 'liberal' tendencies who agree with Mr. Gompers. Very well, then; are these gentlemen and Mr. Gompers sincere in their suggestions? That there is a difference as well as a distinction between intelligence and being able to pass a literacy test will be waived.

But if intelligence is the test by which the entry of foreign nativity is to be determined, then by what test is its existence to be determined?

Deportation Protested?

We have had, and still have, in the penitentiaries of the United States a number of I. W. W. prisoners of foreign nativity, who were not guilty of any crime or misdemeanor and who were imprisoned solely for the industrial opinions they held. These men would qualify with honors in the literacy test proposed by Mr. Gompers and those who agree with him about qualifications for entry into the United States. There are still men in Leavenworth prison, and out on bonds pending a court decision to decide whether or not they shall be deported, as others have previously been deported.

Will Mr. Gompers protest these deportations or, by his silence, give approval and endorsement?

If these men can be justly deported, then the literacy test that Mr. Gompers proposes has no value. And unless Mr. Gompers and those who support his views in relation to the literacy test for foreign immigrants, vindicate the sufficiency of the literacy test, by demanding that the government cease molesting these persons, they stand convicted of not believing in what they themselves propose.

A test is a test for all, or it is not a test but a subterfuge. If one with I. W. W. opinions can pass the test, then no impediment to their entry should be offered. Holding opinions formed in good faith and intelligently expressed, does not endanger democracy. Sam Gompers and his supporters know this. No man in America knows it better than Mr. Gompers.

But Sam is not a Democrat. If he were, the cause of the I. W. W. prisoners, both native and foreign would enlist his support; for, on their incarceration all labor in the United States is threatened. To submit a test for entry that will not hold inside the portals of the country, is to play the prettiest kind of politics.

Where are you, Mr. Gompers? You stand before the bar of working class opinion. Do you know the

The Centralia Conspiracy

(Continued from Page 10)

ion are such that a verdict of guilty seems to be expected of us. But this, in fairness we cannot bring ourselves to return. The loggers are getting the worst of it, but if our verdict is 'not guilty' the Judge will declare it unsatisfactory. In addition to this we will be condemned and socially ostracised. Perhaps, too, the next jury will not be as generous as ourselves. There is no doubt about the killing, but we have no means of knowing from evidence submitted in court whether the killing was justified or not. Therefore let us give the Judge and the public any old kind of a verdict of guilty and at the same time demand of the Judge that he grant leniency to the defendants."

Drilling Witnesses

The reasons the prosecution wanted the case confined to facts of the shooting, instead of the conspiracy of the Associated Industries' officials that precipitated the shooting, are easy to be seen. But how did they manage to drill their witnesses so that the story would sound plausible? What kind of "machine" did they use to "frame" their case and "make" witnesses in order to put their version of the shooting across? How could they best manage to keep the defense from reaching the jury with the real facts, or as many of the real facts as possible? The real story of this machiavellian plot to defeat the ends of justice has leaked out since the trial. A special investigator for the defense has given his findings to the world. It reads like a page from fiction—but it is the gospel truth.

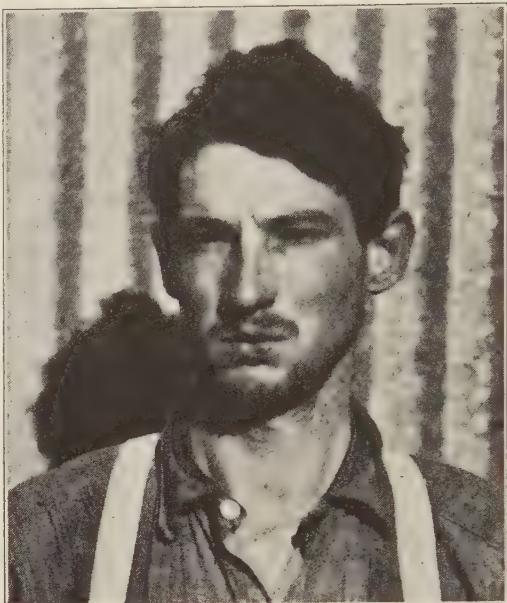
In the first place, there was probably not more than one man out of every ten in the "parade" who

immigrant who is knocking on the gate and the worker who has the courage of his convictions and exhibits the spirit of labor when inside? We don't care particularly where you stand, but where do you?

An Elevating Factor

If you and your supporters insist that the principle of deportation is right, and should be applied to aliens who threaten the American standard, by reducing it to a still lower level, then we submit that not one of the aliens now held by the Department of Labor should, or could, justly be deported. On the contrary, since they are a real positive force for the raising of that standard to a still higher level, every resource of the American Federation of Labor should be used to prevent these deportations.

Moreover, there are thousands of aliens in this country who are used as scabs in the time of strike. They are the real force for the reduction of the American standards, and you know it. Yet, you nor none of your supporters have seen fit to insist upon the deportation of alien scabs. Why! Where do you stand?



LOREN ROBERTS
I. W. W. whose mind became affected by mob terrorism.

actually knew of the conspiracy of the "secret committee" to lynch the union secretary and destroy the union hall. The plan was to stampede the marchers into unlawful action at the opportune moment just as had been done previously in 1918, get the raid started and then use the rope. Not all of the legion boys who marched in that "parade" had murder in their hearts. Some of them may have wanted "roughhouse" and would have delighted in the work of making things hot for the wobblies. But only a comparative few either desired or were prepared for a lynching bee. Those who harbored these sinister intentions were members of the "secret committee."

Truthful Legionaires

At least two of them were killed in the raid. So there were legionaires who could testify truthfully that they were ignorant of the murderous purpose of the "parade." Some of these were located at the far ends of the procession and did not know what had happened until they were told about it or had read the hectic stories in the newspapers. Some of these testified on the witness stand that they thought the shooting took place before the raid started. There may have been a few legionaires who took this position—honestly. But for every legionaire of this type there were at least five who were willing and eager to make their testimony suit the case. These the prosecution without hesitation or scruples proceeded to use for "cat's paws," just as the lumber trust had used the legionaires in the "parade."

In all fairness it must be admitted that a con-

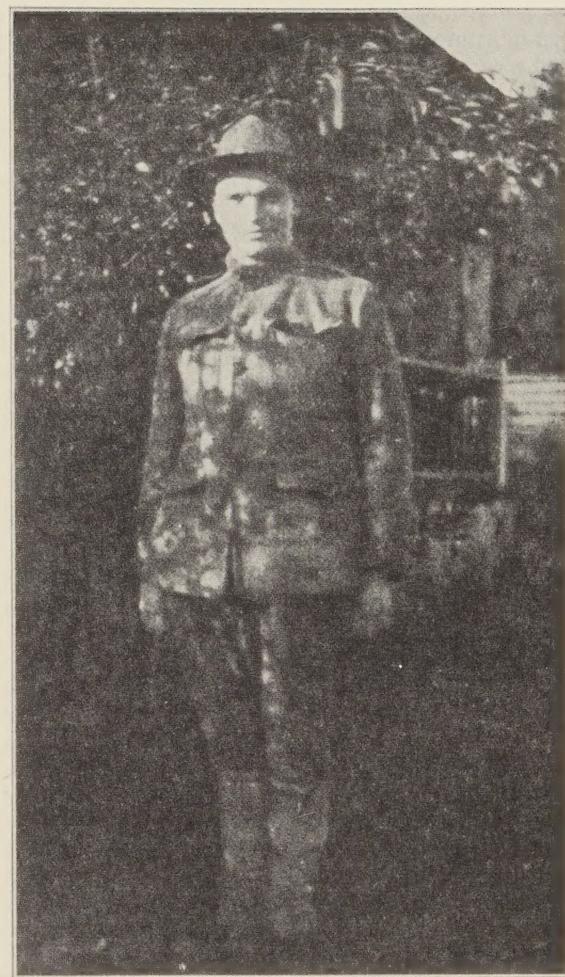
siderable number of legionaires were honest enough in the cause of truth and fairdealing to defy condemnation and ostracism and take the stand for the defense. It took courage to do this and too much credit cannot be given to them for their unselfish actions. Unfortunately the legionaires were not all of this type.

American Legion men had gathered together in considerable numbers in Montesano to attend the trial. The prosecution saw to this detail which, like the camping of regular troops on the courthouse lawn, was intended to create the proper "atmosphere." Tacoma, Centralia, Chehalis, Bellingham, Port Angeles, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Mt. Vernon, Anacortes and Bremerton—each of these towns and cities supplied its quota of delegates, all of them O. K.'d by the prosecution before they came. These men were sent to Montesano with the understanding that they were to submit to the orders of their commander, a Mr. Schant, a former army captain who was in charge of the Montesano American Legion. These men were paid four dollars a day by the lumber interests. In addition to this stipend they were given sleeping accomodations in the fire department section of the City Hall and in a garage nearby. This latter place was a veritable fortress, well supplied with high power rifles and ammunition of all kinds. A certain Lieut. Crawford of Mount Vernon was in charge of this little lumber trust army. The legionnaires did guard duty twenty-four hours each day in their fortress. The sentries were detailed by roster.

An Armed Camp

It must be remembered that these legionaires were private citizens, living in an armed camp of their own in the midst of a community that had ample protection from the customary law-enforcing machinery. Who armed them and gave them permission to camp in the heart of the city? Why had they been gathered together and for what purpose? Can it be that the lumber interests were waiting, as was openly intimated, for an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the defendants in case the jury did not do its "duty?"

Lieut. Balcon was in charge of the secret service work for the prosecution. Under him were several legionaires dressed like loggers and working-men. It was the duty of these lumber trust spies to gain the confidence of defense witnesses, learn in advance of the testimony they intended to give and, wherever possible, influence it to suit the programme of the prosecution. As soon as a defense witness had been interrogated by these sleuths, the findings were transmitted to Chief Balcon who was privileged to enter that part of the courtroom occupied by the attorneys. Balcon would then pass his information over to prosecution attorney Christiansen, who would in turn give it to prosecutors Cunningham or Able during the progress of the trial. Thus were the scales of Justice weighted in favor of the rich and powerful and against the penniless loggers who had dared to defend themselves from the mob.



WESLEY EVEREST

Overseas I. W. W. veteran lynched by lumber-trust mob.

Prosecutor Chief Detective

Christiansen was the most active of all the detectives for the prosecution. His position as Assistant State's Attorney afforded him absolute freedom of action. He had access to everything that went on at the courthouse and the American Legion fortress and headquarters. By examination of the subpoenas issued for the defense witnesses, it was a simple matter for him to keep the prosecution informed about all witnesses likely to be called.

It was a consistent policy of the prosecution to have each and every defense witness interviewed in advance. This was done for the purpose of obtaining advance information as to what the testimony would be and also to influence this testimony BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE to make it substantiate the prosecution's made-to-order case. To accomplish this end very elaborate methods were employed.

Intelligence Chief

Lieut. Frank Van Gilder was one of the chief members of this Intelligence Department. Whenever possible this officious person visited prospective de-

fense witnesses before their arrival at Montesano and secured, or tried to secure, their testimony. Van Gilder's method of approach was suave but forceful. He always boasted that he "knew his stuff." And it was the smooth stuff that Van Gilder was supposed to put over. When this method failed to make the right kind of an impression on the witness other agents would follow him up with a different line. Threats and intimidation were indulged in and the witness would be informed in unmistakable language as to what their future in the community would be like and what would happen to him or her in case the testimony they were about to give would be found to be objectionable by the prosecution.

Upon the arrival of the defense witnesses at Montesano, Lieut. Balcon's forces took up their work at once and every effort made to interview those who had escaped Van Gilder's attentions. These men, in various attires intended to make them look as much like workers as possible, tried by confidential means to secure prospective testimony. Some defense witnesses were openly threatened in the court room immediately following their testimony. The arrest of two defense witnesses for perjury was part of the plan to intimidate other witnesses waiting their turn to go on the stand for the loggers.

High Speed Espionage

As the defendant's attorney, George Vanderveer, neared the conclusion of his case the espionage machinery of the prosecution was already operating at high speed to manufacture the rebuttal witnesses to impeach all of the important testimony of the defense. Assistant State's Attorney Christiansen was the man selected to put the polish on these 'made' witnesses. The testimony itself was 'framed' by Lieut. Van Gilder or his associates, before the witness was brought to Montesano. The finishing touch was put on by Attorney Christiansen. Then the witnesses were taken before special prosecutors for approval.

The above is merely a brief review of the many means used by the lumber trust to defeat the ends of justice at the Montesano trial. Even then there would of necessity be many angles of the sordid story still untold. The fact remains that at Montesano convincing proof was offered of the truthfulness of the statement that a workingman has no chance in an American court, especially if the workingman be a member of an unpopular and misunderstood labor union like the IWW. But the Centralia case proves more than this. It proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that until the workers gain economic power to match the power of the organized business interests labor prosecution will continue unabated. All power, then, to the class conscious and militant workers of the IWW who are determined to put a stop to such outrages against themselves and their class!

Outweighs All Cases

In the meantime we must not forget that the Centralia case outweighs all other IWW cases in importance. Not only are the sentences longer but

the effect of the case as it stands on the other cases is harmful in the extreme. It is said, for instance, that President Harding's stubbornness in refusing to consider the federal IWW cases was largely the result of his firm belief that the IWW loggers in Centralia fired without warning or provocation into a parade of marching ex-service men in uniform. It may be said, of course, that the foibles of a mere politician do not matter. If we had industrial power this statement would be far more true than it is today when we have such power only to a limited extent. President Harding's frame of mind is indicative of the frame of mind of the entire country. The capitalist newspapers, by poisoning the sources of public information at the head waters have made the hideous lie about our fellow workers in Walla Walla "stick."

It is up to us to undo their dirty work by convincing the entire country of the truth about the Centralia Conspiracy that sent the men who defended their hall to prison for from twenty-five to forty years. We owe this to the boys in Walla Walla and to our other imprisoned fellow workers whose cases will be affected by the Centralia case. In reality the Centralia case is the key to the entire IWW defense. Next in importance come the California state cases. These have a unique organization character that differentiate them from the Centralia case. The federal cases, on account of being the first and biggest IWW persecutions have had a large amount of publicity—perhaps more than their share. Strategically they are in a better position than any of the others as far as a general release is concerned. The federal cases have already cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and are costing great sums every year. Once these are disposed of the work of liberating the Centralia and various state cases will be greatly simplified.

Realizing Acts

Compared with the Centralia case the charges against the men in the federal and state cases seem trivial. Sooner or later (we all hope sooner) the various jails and prisons of the country will all give up their prey. But back of it all and overshadowing all is the stern, awful and inescapable fact that the Centralia boys are doomed for twenty-five to forty years in prison and for the gravest charge on the calendar of law—murder. The realization of this fact should bring to our minds the necessity of starting a real drive for the release of these fellow workers. Fundamentally the cases are all the same. It was for the crime of being members of the IWW that all of the men are now in prison. Different pretexts were used to land them there, that's all. Had the Centralia men not been IWW's they would never have been convicted. The Centralia case deserves all the support that can be given it. It deserves far more attention than has been given it. Nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of a united drive to liberate the victims of the lumber trust who went to prison for daring to defend their union hall.

Christmas Conditions in Cleveland

By EDWARD LLOYD

BY the time you are reading this magazine the nations of the earth will be getting ready to celebrate, perhaps have celebrated, the birth of the "First Rebel." On all sides you will hear the time-honored expression, "Merry Christmas," and the inevitable reply, "Same to you and many of them."

The tinkle of the bell in the hands of "Santa Claus" as he stands besides a pot admonishing the public to "Keep the pot a-boiling" for the Salvation Army will be heard. "Volunteers" will be out in full force to cajole what money they can from an easy going throng, in fact, all in the mission field, big and little, will be out to get theirs while the getting is good.

Papers will appear with big head-lines about this and that organization, and the "charity" they have dispensed. Big, fat, pot-bellied heads of corporations will head the donation lists to relieve the poor, relieve the poor whom they have systematically robbed for ages that they may live in luxury. This will be the "Merry Christmas" of the exploited wage slave.

Capitalist Generosity

The boot-licking press will write columns about their generosity, and everybody concerned will have a good time except the poor, for after the milk of human kindness has passed thru the separator of organized charity, very little is left except the skim, the cream has gone for "overhead," most of it into the coffers of the \$57,000,000.00 (fifty-seven million) corporation, that helper of the outcast, that blatant follower of the humble Nazarene, The Salvation Army.

We will hear about the kindness of the boss and the interest he takes in his employees, his magnificent "gifts," his high standing as a citizen, and his "patriotism."

But not a word will be printed of the sordid condition of the slaves who have to toil from morning to night that he might gather his ill-gotten millions. Nothing about the foul-smelling, rotten ventilated places they have to sweat and toil in that they may get the means to keep life in their bodies, nothing about the children who are being bled in their sweatshops, children in years but old in experience. Children deprived of their right to play, poor, worn-out, wizened, under-nourished and tubercular specimens of humanity, children sewing on buttons in tenements till the early hours of the morning to help get a pittance that will keep a shelter over their heads. Poor, cold, blue-looking children whom an ordinary man wants to take to his heart and love, the children who help provide the means for the "Philanthropist" to head the donations lists.

Nothing will be said about the packing house worker as he toils in the slime and filth of the "sanitary" packing plants, out of the route of visitors, nothing about the toiler in the fertilizing plant,

among the stench and filth, a stench so horrible that in some towns he must walk home after his day's work as the street car operators will not allow him to ride on a car, he smells so foul. Oh no, nothing like that will be printed.

What of the Steel Worker

Nothing of the steel worker as the sweat gleams on his body before the hot furnaces, and then drags his weary body home too tired to sleep even. Do you wonder we have drug addicts. You may hear something of the "eight hour" day Judge Gary has granted them, and which seventy-five per cent of them have NOT got. Yes, it is possible that you will hear of the eight hour day, but you will hear nothing of the majority who are working ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day.

The steel magnates claim they have the eight hour day, and yet you hear them singing, "Yes, we have no eight hours."

Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the largest Steel cities of the East. A few of the departments such as the machinists and mechanics are on an eight hour basis, but not one mill has the straight eight hour all through.

The steel trust may tell you about the eight hours they have on their boats on the Great Lakes. True, they have it in some departments where they were COMPELLED to install it, but the look-out and wheelmen do a twelve hour day. The engineers also do twelve hours, only the oilers, firemen and coal-passers get the eight hours.

Down by the Central blast furnace on Broadway, the writer was talking to some of the residents of that district, and one house was pointed out to him—it looked big enough to house two families in a pinch—and was informed that SEVEN DIFFERENT FAMILIES WERE LIVING IN THAT HOUSE, and from the number of children seen emerging from it, they must have to hang them up on hooks at night.

Yet we send missionaries to Africa to "civilize" the "savages."

The Otis Steel, The American Steel, and McKinney Steel are nearly all ten and twelve hours. The Atlas Car Shops and various other machine shops are also on the ten hour basis.

"Home Brew" Interest

A great number of the employees of the steel mills are of European extraction, and appear to be very interested in "Home Brew." In the residential section around the mills the writer saw wagon loads of grapes being unloaded at various houses. This can have but one meaning.

Most of the small store-keepers are boot-leggers; this is not hear-say but the result of a personal investigation.

In certain parts of the city in the late hours of night and in the early morning the smell of a cooking mash is wafted to your nostrils. All the dry law

We'll Run the Works

By FRANK S. MEYERS

THE shops, mills, mines and factories, no longer now are packed, and ever as the days go by, the rebel ones get sacked. Time was, when a fellow, that walked and talked and slept, could get a job most anywhere, if he had a little pep. But after counting up the profits, and the need for "slaves" grew less, the greedy "master class" did ery, We'll give these dogs a rest.

A few years back, the slogan was, we'll have to do our "bit" if not the "German Hun" will come, and he will use the whip. To get a job was easy then, the highest wage was paid, and as the "war clouds" gathered, the "Profiteers" did rave: We're in this war for freedom, we know we're in the right. We have no time for "slackers"; all must work or fight!

But things have changed since that time, no longer are we sought, for fighting in this army, or producing for our salt. To find a job you're lucky, that pays a living wage, to feed the wife and kiddies, is

enforcers must have bad colds and be unable to smell, as very few arrests are made.

This suits Mr. Steel Trust O. K. It keeps the slave contented, he can work for less money, and has not got time to think about organizing. Commercialized vice is rampant here as it is in all Steel towns. Wild orgies have been exposed in one paper, but nothing is ever done about it.

A sad dreary sight can be seen any night on the West side when the Steel mills release their slaves for the day. On leaving the mill in the flats the workers climb to the high level bridge to catch the car for home. This takes four or five flights of stairs, and by the time they arrive at the top they are all in, and fall asleep on the pavement waiting for the car. Men with all their energy ground out of them, listless, almost lifeless, no hope ahead of them, Robots in embryo.

This is the class of people the IWW is now working amongst. Controlled papers are foaming at the mouth about the IWW. Perhaps some of us will have to come to an end as did Frank Little, but, WE ARE HERE TO STAY.

The tide of Industrial Unionism is surely rising, and will soon flood the land. The boss is beginning to see the handwriting on the wall and it is not expected that he will give up without a struggle. The battle will be long and fierce but when the workers realize their economic power, when they destroy a "union" that separates them, and pits one set of workers against another employed in the same industry, when they unite in the true ONE BIG UNION, when they carry the "red" card, the card of the Industrial Workers of the World, then we will be able to say as the season comes round, and say it from the bottom of our hearts:—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

mighty hard these days. Now we do not have to work or fight, victory has been won,—for the "Capitalistic Parasite"—for the "Workers" there was none. But listen to the bugle, of the one big union grand. It is the call to workers to come and give a hand. Let's organize together, the "One Big Union Way" "Industrial workers" everywhere, must see the light of day. Victory for the "toilers" in this and every land, will only be accomplished, when we united stand. For united we are standing, divided we will fall, let's get together, in the "One Big Union Stall." Craft unions and their leaders, today are out of place, industrial unions everywhere will have to take their place. For the "motto" of the grafters in the AFL divides up the workers, and makes their lives a hell. A fair day's work, for a fair day's pay, keeps you breaking even, the longer that you stay.

The world for the workers, this "motto" can't be beat. Those that do not work—neither shall they eat. Stop! producing for profit, for in that there's nothing fair; working for yourselves is better, where each and all get equal share. There'll be no "Capitalist masters" let's drive them from this earth; we'll need no labor "saviors" we'll then get what we're worth. "Wage workers," heed our warning, "Let's get the whole damn works," more pay and shorter hours, don't do away with "shirks." Come gather round our standard, we'll show you how to fight, not with bullets or machine gun,—but the weapon "General Strike." There won't be any "Parasites" after we are done, we'll run the "works" to suit ourselves, we'll all have lots of fun.

YUMPIN' YIMINY!

Ole Olesen had been working as an engine wiper and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:

"Now Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too."

With these facts of economy pounded thoroughly into his head, Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility as fireman. The last query propounded was:

"Suppose you are on your engine, on a single track. You go around a curve and see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

"I grab the dam' oil can; I grab the dam' waste—and I yump!"

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